

DOES REVELATION FETTER SCIENCE ?

AT the close of the meetings of the International Astronomical Union, and of the International Geodetic and Geophysical Union, at Rome, on May 10, 1922, the Holy Father Pope Pius XI. most graciously received the members of the Unions and their families, some one hundred and fifty persons in all, in audience at the Vatican. After personally greeting many members present, His Holiness addressed the assembly in an allocution, which created a very great impression on all who were privileged to hear it. Its theme was Truth, as the end of all scientific research. The gist of the Holy Father's discourse was as follows:¹

It is with great satisfaction that We salute you, illustrious students of the problems of the Heavens, who have been united at Rome in order to arrange an international scheme for research. The science which you profess is the most beautiful and the noblest of all that exist: it is a guide on the road to Truth, to that Truth which ought to be the object of all our desires. Let us hope that this pursuit of Truth will lead to Peace, which We would wish to see reigning in this world, and to that pacification of hearts which is the object of our constant thoughts. You, who by your science are raised above the fleeting things of this earth, ought to understand better than anyone the need of this peace, which is our ideal for all men. Would that your astronomical Congress, like the star of Bethlehem, should be the sign of an era of universal peace. We feel certain that you find in the profound questions, which are the objects of your Labours, a manifestation of the will of God. Our admiration for the Universe, for that marvellous divine construction of which you understand the laws, its grandeur and its harmony, induces us to venerate the Creator of this wonderful edifice, and you yourselves ought to feel nearer to Him than those who are strangers to your observations and researches.

These noble sentiments of the Holy Father are founded on the principle, that all men of sane and rightly-constituted mind naturally desire and seek after Truth. For falsehood is repugnant to our very being, in that it belies those first

¹ *L'Astronomie*, Sept. 1922, p. 385.

and fundamental truths, either in the intellectual or in the moral order, which God our Creator has imprinted in the mind of every rational creature that comes from His Hand. And, moreover, the pursuit of Truth is not only natural to man, but it is likewise necessary, in order that he may attain freedom from error. For error in the moral order leads, at least materially, if not formally, to wrong deeds and evil living. In the intellectual order it warps the mind to the adoption of wrong principles and false ideas.

More than this, to a rightly-constituted mind, the pursuit and attainment of truth is not only natural and necessary, but it is also most pleasurable. For happiness in this world largely consists in the contemplation of the truths to which we have attained. In the next world happiness will essentially consist in the vision and contemplation of the Eternal Truth. Even in this world the mathematician, in the search after abstract truth, and the man of science in the unravelling of the laws of nature from his experiments and observations, is oftentimes so absorbed in his studies as to be almost oblivious of ordinary mundane cares and solitudes. He, then, is supremely unfortunate and most unhappy, whose mind is darkened, and whose moral nature is warped by error or absence of truth.

Now truths are of various kinds, but they belong mainly to two orders, and may be divided into truths concerning the natural, and truths pertaining to the supernatural order. Of these two orders the supernatural is the higher and the better, and its truths are the more important for the well-being of mankind. For these truths intimately concern the reason of man's existence upon earth, the end for which he came into being, his future destiny, and the means by which he may attain eternal felicity. Natural science is incapable of solving the riddle of his existence. For as it has been well said: "The natural sciences must renounce the vain pretence of applying their methods to the things of the spirit. The method adapted to that which can be weighed and measured cannot be adapted to that which cannot be weighed and measured."¹ This argument against the intrusion of natural science into a region in which its methods are inapplicable is one that is unanswerable. Accordingly, sane philosophy and true rationalism demand that the truths,

¹ Villari, "Is History a Science?" in *The Times Literary Supplement*, July 13, 1922.

which concern the higher nature of man, should be attainable by some other means than by natural science, which can only lead to a natural knowledge of God our Creator, from the ordered beauty of His handiwork, and hence to a natural happiness in their study and contemplation.

With regard to the supernatural order, we could not even know of its very existence unless God our Maker had revealed it to us, nor could we learn the truths which belong to this order, so far above the natural powers, though not beyond the capabilities of man, had not some accredited Teacher of Authority been sent to inform us concerning them. And so some 1,900 years ago there arose in Judea a Teacher, whose coming had been foretold and prepared for throughout long previous ages, whose like the world had never seen, nor will ever see again. Even the agnostic unbeliever is entranced by the character of Jesus Christ, and is lost in admiration at the sublimity of His moral teaching. For that Man claimed to be God, the second Person of the ever Blessed Trinity, Who deigned to take upon Himself our Human Nature, and to live among us as one of ourselves, in order to teach us the truths of this supernatural order, and to set up a spiritual kingdom over the minds and the hearts of men. His deeds and His words are recorded for us in the four Gospels, and the keenest historical criticism has been unable to upset their veracity and their authenticity, even when they are judged from the standpoint of merely human documents. Of that Man we read that "He went about doing good," that He wrought wonderful miracles in attestation of His Divinity, works entirely beyond and above the whole power of nature to perform. Natural science is itself a witness to this fact. And the most stupendous miracle of all in the natural order, after having been put to a cruel death, He of His own power raised Himself to life again from the tomb, and finally ascended into Heaven to prepare there an everlasting home for those who shall embrace His doctrines and shall keep His laws. There is only one way in which the so-called scientific rationalist can impugn the truth of the miracles of Jesus Christ, and that is with Renan, Harnack, Hegel, and their followers the "modern Churchmen," boldly to deny the possibility of miracles, and the very existence of the supernatural order. But this is surely to stultify reason, and wilfully to refuse to sift and to weigh evidence, which to the unprejudiced

mind is simply overwhelming. Such a course of action is most unscientific rationalism. For as John Stuart Mill wrote: "Once admit a God, and the production of an effect by His direct will must be reckoned with as a serious possibility." Christ claimed to be God, and He proved His claim by the performance of miracles, recorded in well-authenticated histories. Scientific agnostics have not a monopoly of common sense, and the common sense of the majority of mankind, and of its keenest and subtlest intellects has admitted the claim.

The object of the coming of Christ, and of the revelation which He made, was that all men without exception might know and might believe the truths which He taught, that all men might easily learn them, and that without any fear of admixture of error. And that we might always have the truths of revelation before our eyes, and that we might easily attain to their knowledge, He made a deposit of these truths, which cannot be added to or subtracted from, and this deposit He committed to the care of a chosen body of men, in order to teach and preserve intact and untainted the truths contained therein. But as everything human is fallible and liable to error, as unhappily experience so clearly shows us, He would—and reason must necessarily approve this course of action—appoint one chief Teacher and Ruler in the spiritual kingdom which He came to found. Upon him He bestowed a gift which should obviate every chance of error, and of misdirection in so important a matter as the maintenance of His true doctrines upon which our very salvation depends. This gift is called infallibility, and when Peter, or the successor of Peter, speaks in his capacity of universal Teacher of the subjects of Christ upon a matter which affects faith or morals, and be it well noted in these alone, he cannot err, or speak what is false. If we realize the vital importance of these supernatural truths, and if we are really convinced that Christ founded a Kingdom to last to the end of time, the permanence of which depends upon the retention of His pure, unadulterated Gospel containing these truths, we shall infer, as most accordant with reason, the absolute necessity of the bestowal of such a gift, so that erroneous doctrines should be at once confronted with the authority of one fully competent to judge of their falsity. The so-called rationalist and scientific agnostic is wont to speak of freedom of intellect, and to boast of his being un-

trammelled by any authority beyond his own judgment. But the truth, which infallibly preserves the intellect from darkness, and frees it from the possibility of error in matters of primary and enduring importance, is much to be preferred to the prejudiced judgments of unaided reason, and to an unphilosophic dogmatism which really darkens the mind and obscures the light.

It has come to pass, therefore, that there exists to-day in the world a great and visible body of men and women, possessing the same sacraments, the same sacrifice, and owing allegiance to one spiritual head, the Pope of Rome. Their unity in faith and practice and their submission to the spiritual Vicar of Christ; their Apostolic descent; their universality and independence of nation, race and people; the holiness of their doctrines and of the lives of so many thousands who belong to this body, is an extraordinary phenomenon, which must needs arrest the attention of any scientific mind. This body is the Catholic Church, and its pre-eminence through all the ages, in spite of bloody persecutions, in spite of internal dissension and disloyalty, in spite of at times a local and transient lowering of its standard of righteousness, is another wonderful miracle in the moral order, which cannot be accounted for except as the direct work of the Hand of God. As St. Augustine has told us, it is a marvellous thing that one truly a Man, though likewise God, should have raised Himself by His own power from the tomb, but it is almost a greater marvel that unlettered, uncultured, poor fishermen should have persuaded a world, which was sunk in all the degradation of pagan luxury, to believe this truth and the other truths which Christ revealed. And we add that it is even more marvellous that the Church founded on Peter, which holds these truths, exists at the present day, having witnessed the rise and decay of so many dynasties, of so many systems of philosophy, and of so many false religions. Natural science depends in its reasonings on observation and experiment. Let scientific men observe the indefectibility and the permanence of the Catholic Church, and draw the compelling and necessary conclusion as to its independence of all human agency. For the truth is great, especially supernatural truth, and it must prevail.

But besides supernatural truths there are other truths, which present themselves to the minds of men, as objects worthy of attainment. And among them are those truths

which depend entirely on the principles of reasoning and are independent of material things, abstract truths as they are called, as for instance in the sciences of philosophy and pure mathematics. There are also truths which are founded on the observation of, and the experimentation upon the materials, either organic or inorganic, of which this wonderful universe is composed, and which belong respectively to the two chief divisions of the natural sciences, biology and physics. The relation of supernatural truth to natural truth is a matter worthy of consideration, and one on which unfortunately much misconception exists. Even cultured men imagine that there is a necessary antagonism between religion and science, and that a good Catholic has his intellect so fettered by the bonds of authority, that he cannot possibly become an adept in the methods of scientific research, or attain to the full possession of natural truth. Passing over the salient fact that so many eminent men of science have been good and practising Catholics, we must premise in the first place that the Catholic Church is a spiritual organization, founded for a supernatural end, which is that men may live good lives here on earth, and attain to the sight of God and everlasting happiness hereafter. Therefore as such the Church has nothing to do with natural or any other science whatsoever, and its influence on the progress of scientific thought can only be indirect and accidental. By this we do not mean to allege that the Church despises or discourages the pursuit of natural science. Anyone who has read history with an impartial mind, will know that it was due to the action of the Church during what are called the dark ages, that art, and science, and literature did not perish entirely from the face of the world. It is not necessary to labour this point, when we recall, for instance, the number of ancient Universities which owe their existence or their maintenance to the fostering care of the Sovereign Pontiffs.

Nor can there possibly be any real antagonism between the Church founded by Jesus Christ and natural science. For the one teaches supernatural truths, and the other natural truths, and both these sets of truths are derived from God Himself, Who is the very Truth, and the Author of all truth. And we must remember, too, that when we speak of natural truths in the realm of science, we do not speak of a body of truths that is fixed and irrevocable, or of laws which have been thoroughly investigated, and perfectly demonstrated. For

a law of nature is but the codified expression of all the deductions from observation and from experiment that have been attained up to the present time. It is a generalization which embraces the truths that have been ascertained, and which points the way to further experiment and further fruitful observation which will ultimately lead to a more far-reaching generalization. The so-called laws of nature, so far from being fixed and irrevocable, are, on the contrary, being continually modified and changed with the progress of natural science. Those generalizations which fully responded to the knowledge of our forefathers will not satisfy our wants, and those which we have invented will be unadapted to the facts which undoubtedly will be gathered together by the labours of those that come after us. Not that these laws do not contain the germs of truth, but they are not the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. They are but partial truths with a possible large admixture of error. In physical science, for instance, the Newtonian or corpuscular theory of the propagation of light was supplanted by the wave-theory. But at present what is known as the quantum theory of radiation is at least a partial return to the corpuscular hypothesis of Newton. And with regard to the quantum theory itself, to quote Professor W. L. Bragg, F.R.S.,¹ "We are entirely ignorant of the mechanism which governs this interchange of energy between matter and ether. By assuming that the quantum relationship holds, isolated facts can be pieced together and small fragments of the complete scheme can be formed which indicate the simplicity and the fundamental nature of the quantum relationship, and the insight which it will afford into all physical problems when its full significance is realized." Or again, it is not so very long ago that the chemical atoms were supposed to be the bricks which Nature used to build up various substances. There were atoms of iron, atoms of lead, atoms of hydrogen, atoms of oxygen, and separate atoms of all other chemical substances, which, so the very etymology of the word denotes, were the ultimate particles of matter that could not be cut or divided. On this supposition various laws of chemical valency were enunciated. But for the modern chemist and physicist atoms themselves are built up of positive and negative electricity, and, fundamentally, all matter seems to be one. This would appear to be a return

¹ *Manchester Astronomical Society Journal*, 1920—1922, No. 6, p. 38.

to the thought of Aristotle and the mediæval schoolmen. Even the universal law of gravitation, which reigns supreme throughout all the celestial spaces, and which satisfactorily explains almost all the motions of the heavenly bodies, a law due to the genius of Newton, which is a generalization of the laws of Kepler, has had to be modified by the modern theory of relativity, and to become itself a special case of a still more general expression. Similarly in the biological sciences, the mode of evolution imagined by the illustrious Charles Darwin, for the idea of evolution is as old as the early Fathers of the Church, has had to be greatly modified, if indeed it has not been supplanted, by the laws enunciated by the Catholic Abbot Mendel. For the laws of Nature are but generalizations of our present knowledge, and, as the edifice of scientific truth is raised, the scaffolding so useful and so necessary for the building must needs be cast aside. It would indeed be the height of folly to abandon the certain truths of revealed religion, unchangeable, and dependent on the veracity of God Himself, because of laws of nature which are by their very nature uncertain, incipient, partial, and inadequate.

Natural science is however of the greatest benefit to supernatural science in making the truths of religion antecedently possible. Thus, for instance, with the progress of natural science, the natural proof of the fundamental doctrine of the existence of God, as shown by the beauty and orderliness of nature, becomes ever more cogent and irresistible. For, as St. Thomas of Aquinas teaches, although God transcends sense and the objects of sense, nevertheless, objects that appeal to our senses are the basis of our demonstration of the existence of God. Or, again, historical, anthropological, archæological, and ethnological science, all conspire to demonstrate the authenticity and the veracity of the Gospel of Christ, which sets forth His claim to be Divine. If natural science cannot give faith, it at least prepares the way for faith. In the whole range of natural science, physical and biological, there is no single process of nature, no law of nature, which runs counter to revealed religion. Otherwise God, Who is very Truth, the Author of Revelation, and the Creator of all the beautiful objects we study in natural science, would deny Himself, which is impossible. It is by confounding the natural and the supernatural, and by a confusion of thought with regard to the laws deduced

by observation and experiment, the possible preliminaries of faith, and the truths of revelation, that many so-called modern and liberal Churchmen have been led to the denial of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian economy, and even of the central doctrine, the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Thus Canon E. W. Barnes, F.R.S., of Westminster, in his sermon preached before the British Association, at its meeting at Cardiff in 1920, denied the revealed doctrine of the fall of man because it did not seem to square with the scientific hypothesis as to man's evolution. His position, which is that also of the school of Modern Churchmen, is that "science had entirely transformed our outlook on the past history of the earth. Evolution had given a totally new view of man's origin. Philosophy had been incessantly active. Scholarship had revolutionized our knowledge of the Bible."¹ These statements are somewhat vague, and with regard at least to natural science, are founded on mere working hypotheses. "No one now accepted all the original implications of the Creeds. The ascension into heaven implied that heaven was a place beyond the celestial sphere, in which the fixed stars were supposed to be set." Doctrinally, it implies nothing of the sort, and never has done. "The resurrection of the body, which for us was equivalent to personal immortality, originally meant the resurrection of this present flesh of ours." The words of holy Job are precise enough: "I know that my Redeemer liveth and in this very flesh I shall see my God." Canon Barnes proceeds: "So long as men accepted the spiritual truths which the old formulæ were designed to protect, they could honestly continue to recite the Creeds." That is, we are to interpret the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, in a spiritual sense, whatever that may mean, and not in its literal sense, and all this, forsooth, on account of the theories of natural science. The expression of the truths of Holy Writ according to appearances such as are ordinarily observed, and not according to rigid scientific truth and the Copernican system, seems also to trouble another protagonist of the Modern Churchmen, Dean Inge of St. Paul's, who animadverted on this point in his sermon before the British Association at its recent meeting (1922) in Hull. But as G. K. Chesterton observes, had Holy Scripture been

¹ *Manchester Guardian*, October 24, 1921. Report of a sermon preached in Manchester Cathedral.

written according to the Copernican or heliocentric system, nobody would have believed it. In a word, Holy Scripture is not a primer of natural science. Similarly, in a leading article in the scientific journal, *Nature*, of June 24, 1922, entitled "The Influence of Science," after the usual references to the case of Galileo, to monkish theology, and to what the writer designates as the repression of freedom of thought by the Catholic Church, we are lead to the denial of the resurrection of our Lord, except in a spiritual sense, by the Modern Churchmen. But one fails to understand how the enlightening influence of natural science in any way favours or supports such doctrinal vagaries, except by a complete travesty of its legitimate functions.

The deposit of faith, which closed with the death of the last of the Apostles, and which contains all supernatural truth, is fixed and irrevocable, and is incapable of change with the progress of time. The only development of which it is susceptible is that by which, as time advances, we see the wonderful relations between the various doctrines of which it is composed, we discover their deeper meaning, and understand more thoroughly their far-reaching consequences and implications. This being so, should it happen that any scientific hypothesis is in contradiction with a defined article of faith, we know with absolute certainty that the scientific law is no real law, and either that the facts on which the law is founded have been insufficiently observed and correlated, or that wrong deductions and false reasoning has been foisted on the facts. For instance, there is a school of purely materialistic physiologists who hold that all the processes of man, corporal and intellectual, are merely the results of the interaction of blind chemical and physical forces. For such a school free-will is non-existent, mind is merely a function of matter, and personal immortality is impossible. On this theory of Monism, man, with all his faculties and powers, physical, intellectual and moral, has been evolved by the action of natural causes from primæval material atoms. Now, whatever may be said with regard to the evolution of the body of man, and on this point so far the Church has made no official pronouncement, it is a certain doctrine of faith that the human soul is rational, and intellectual, and immortal, and is essentially the form of the human body, that is that body and soul constitute one substance (Council of Lateran IV.). Also, that the soul of at least the first

man was directly created by God (Councils of Lateran IV. and Vatican); while it cannot be denied without endangering the faith that each human soul is directly created by God. With regard to the body of the first man, a separate creation seems to be demanded by the plain meaning of Scripture, and should be held unless proved to be contrary to facts.¹ With regard to this scientific doctrine, the case is strictly analogous to that of Copernicanism, in the celebrated controversy which is connected with the name of Galileo. Writing to the Carmelite Foscarini, under date April 12, 1615, the Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine, one of Galileo's judges, says: "If a true demonstration should be found that the Sun is placed in the centre of the world, and the earth in the third heaven (that is the third planet in progressive distance from the sun as a centre of the system), and that the Sun does not turn round the Earth, but the latter round the former, then it will be necessary to proceed with great prudence in the explanation of Scripture, which seems to say the contrary, and rather to avow that we have not understood it, than to declare a demonstrated fact false." The position is, similarly, whether the process of evolution, in the case of the body of man, has been sufficiently demonstrated by rigid proofs, so as to permit theologians to interpret the passages of Holy Scripture, concerning the creation of the body of man, in an accommodated, and not in a literal sense.

In this way, by pointing out as a danger signal that a certain line, to which thought and reasoning in the realms of natural science are tending, is already occupied, and that theories and hypotheses founded upon such reasoning will inevitably clash with revealed doctrine, religion is indirectly an aid to scientific research. For the truth, which is supernatural, frees from error that which is natural. "You shall know the truth," said our Blessed Lord, "and the truth shall make you free" (St. John viii. 32), free from moral error in the first place, but free also to investigate the wonders of God's creation, upon the solid foundation of revealed religion.

A. L. CORTIE.

¹ *Life and its Origin*, by B. G. Swindells, S.J. Catholic Truth Society.

THE CINEMA AND THE FAITH

THE fact that forty million people, or, to put it another way, the entire population of this country, are entertained in a picture theatre once a fortnight, should arouse the interest and command the attention of all Catholics. Whether we like it or not the Cinema is as potent a force to-day as was the Press ten years ago. It may usurp the position of the Press. Certainly it will continue to exert an increasing influence on public opinion. And because it is a legitimate form of entertainment its power for good or evil should be utilized or counteracted. The day of indifference has passed. We can no more ignore the Cinema than we can ignore the Stage or the Press.

This being so, Catholics should consider what means are possible to ensure the maintenance of a high standard of films; also to enlist the services of the Cinema in a Forward Movement of the Church. The former is a mere preventive measure but a necessary one, while the latter may lead to a new apostolate as efficacious as that now carried on by the apologists of the Catholic Evidence Guild.

A number of objections are brought against the Cinema, mainly by those who have been seen very seldom, if at all, as members of a picture theatre audience. Some say that it has an evil influence on the child mind; others that it is injurious to the eyesight or to general health; while some content themselves with the cynical remark that the beginning of a film robs the screen of its whiteness. To all such people there are ready answers. In the first place, practically every story one hears of the evil effects of a cinematographic entertainment on a child's mind is grossly exaggerated; most probably the blame was attached by the child himself, ready to tell any story to minimize his punishment. No doubt a vivid portrayal of vice or wrong-doing will excite the imitative faculties of an abnormal child as it will of an abnormal man. That merely broadens the point at issue and leads to a discussion on the moral standard of the whole industry so far as the whole community is concerned. It is the normal and not the abnormal child that sets the standard of criticism, and, while it is admitted that over-indulgence in this particular form of entertainment does no more good than

over-indulgence in strong drink, a fair appraisal will approve of a child's attendance so long as that attendance is regulated by the parents. Where a parent is lax in this respect, the result may be harmful, but that is not the fault of the Cinema. And against the possible danger of contamination in a picture theatre must be set the very real danger of a child seeking all his amusement in the street.

The second objection bears a certain relation to the first, and was no doubt true when the Cinema was in its infancy. Flickering films in a pitch black, badly ventilated hall, where people in the front seats had to crane their necks to see anything, provided a real menace to the health of the community. But that was years ago. To-day there is less danger to the eyes from the projection of films than there is from the glare of theatre footlights. In fact, several cases have been reported in the Press and one has come under my own observation in which eyesight has been improved rather than impaired by visits to the Cinema. I have in mind a film critic who attends some eight or nine performances weekly. A year ago, before he adopted this form of work, he was obliged to wear spectacles for all reading and writing. To-day he never uses them. To my mind the subdued light in the theatre and on the screen is distinctly restful, an admirable tonic after a long spell of eye strain.

As for the ventilation and lighting of the picture theatre, the vast improvement of recent years are well known to all who remember the old and appreciate the new, while there are few modern theatres where "cinema-neck" is a possible ailment.

Whilst on the subject of health, it would be as well to remember the consolation the working woman in a poor neighbourhood finds in an afternoon visit to the "pictures."¹ There she gets away for an hour or two from the dull monotony of housework; the semi-darkness soothes her nerves; enforced idleness rests her tired body; and she has the benefit of music, perhaps of indifferent merit, sometimes of some excellence, but always a little different from anything she finds elsewhere. For the Cinema has opened up to her a means of entertainment and relaxation that she never had before. That alone is almost sufficient justification for its existence.

¹ This point is developed in *The Woman in the Little House*, a book of some discernment, but lacking in the sure groundwork of Catholic principle.

The critic who takes his stand on the moral tone of the Cinema is, however, on firmer ground. It cannot be denied that there is a deal of immorality, suggestive titling and mere mediocrity, some theatres pandering exclusively to the baser passions. But this charge can be made with equal truth against any form of entertainment or any form of literature. The bad does not outweigh the good. In any case it cannot be remedied by destructive criticism. Commercialism must of necessity be a first consideration to the producer, who will not flood the market with bad films in a mere spirit of viciousness. It may be taken as a standing reproach to the Catholic public that such films are possible, for an active campaign on the part of those who possess well-defined principles of Christian morality, against the production and exhibition of immoral films would do much to eliminate them. Censorship as advocated in some quarters and applied by a somnolent Board of Film Censors is not effective unless it takes place in the studio, under the direction of the producer himself. A far more efficacious method for those who do desire a higher moral tone is frank but fair criticism addressed to local managers, who are only too anxious to please their public. If every Catholic would co-operate with the management of the theatre he attends, a great deal of good work could be accomplished, but it is important that all criticism should be well founded, for a bad critique is more harmful than silence.

So much for the Cinema as an entertainment—of much greater importance is the value of the Cinema to the teacher. The film can make a most effective teacher, though the picture theatre, because of the haphazard way in which programmes must be arranged, will never be of any great use as a classroom. In America there are few schools that do not consider a projector one of the most necessary adjuncts to the classroom, and in England much is being done by its aid in the more up-to-date schools. Historical films, where history is not subordinated to romance; nature films, travelogues, illustrations of current events, are more telling than the descriptions of the most vivid text-books, or even the reconstructions of a very Montessori. The child who sees understands more clearly and remembers more easily than the child who hears. At the present time this side of the film industry is rapidly developing; indeed it is quite possible that the blackboard will be superseded by the screen before many years have passed.

Now if the Cinema is such a potent force in the educational world, why is it not more freely used by the apologists? The external structure of the Church is based upon the principle that is applied in the Cinema. A means of instruction that has only been appreciated by psychologists and advertisers in recent years has been utilized persistently throughout the history of the Church, which, recognizing that man is not as a rule capable of purely abstract thought, has been careful to provide him with images and symbols that bring home to him the great truths of his religion. If a sermon can bring the light of faith to a hostile unbeliever; if a statue can give understanding to the ignorant; if a picture can instruct a child; what rich harvest is there for the apologist who goes into the highways and the byways, not only with the fire of eloquence, the testimony of a crucifix or a picture but also with a coherent record of Catholic teaching and practice, a reproduction from life. It will be easier for such a man "to compel them to come in" by the aid of a white screen and a projector than of the greatest orator or the most convincing debater. For the mind loves pictures and will assimilate illustrated truth with remarkable ease.

Before the Reformation the absence of printed Bibles was supplied by collections of graphic Biblical illustrations and the performance of morality plays. The appeal for an extended use of the Cinema, therefore, does not involve any new principles or practices; it merely suggests a return to the methods of the past, methods that gave ample testimony to their value in the knowledge possessed by the most illiterate member of the Church. There should be no hesitation as to whether the Cinema can be pressed into service. The only questions to be answered concern the precise lines on which a Film Evidence Guild would be conducted and the possibility of making it self-supporting.

What means would be employed? These have been indicated at least in part by Mr. Belloc, who is a stout champion of the Cinema. His most recent suggestions were made at a luncheon given to celebrate the completion of a remarkable series of historical films, the *Romance of History* series. He advocated for the purposes of secular education, the production of a number of short films which would show developments in constitutional government, architecture and the general life of the people. One, for instance, might show London Bridge at various periods of its history, another the

form of government in this country throughout the centuries. A third (and this is more to our purpose) might show pictures of worship in St. Paul's: first, the sacrifices that took place on the site of St. Paul's in pagan times, followed by pictures of Mass in early Christian days and before the Reformation. These might be contrasted with an illustration of a modern service. That such a film would be an admirable lesson in apologetics is certain and the use of judicious sub-titles would help to make it conclusive, if it were supplemented by a short historical picture showing why a radical difference exists between the pre-Reformation and the post-Reformation act of worship. Mr. Belloc was speaking of course to a non-Catholic audience and was concerned with a secular subject. But he made evident his own appreciation of the good work the Cinema can do in the highest cause. To him belongs the credit for the conception of a new or rather newly applied form of the apostolate as does the credit for the inauguration of a new era in the production of historical films.

This is not the first time that a plan for practical service in the cause of Catholicism has been mooted. Ever since its inauguration companies have been floated or societies formed with the ultimate object of presenting apologetics through the medium of the cinematograph. But in no case to my knowledge has anything very permanent been achieved; generally the only result being a film or films in which ambition has badly over-reached itself. Unless there be good craftsmanship and an up-to-date plant it were better to abandon the scheme altogether lest future efforts be prejudiced. Consequently, at first there should be a very small beginning, nothing being attempted that would not be acceptable to the theatres throughout the country. Perhaps the best plan would be to concentrate on travelogue for a while, until the means for greater undertakings were assured. Lourdes would make an excellent subject, for instance, as *La Bonne Presse* have already proved by a production and presentation at Lourdes itself, if handled by a Catholic in the right spirit. And the camera-man would have pride of place; sub-titles would be used merely in explanation without aggression. Needless to say such a film would find its way into the programmes of most theatres and might become the first of a series of travelogues, the profits from renting being devoted to the stabilization of the com-

pany. Then, when circumstances warranted, more ambitious and therefore more valuable productions could be planned. A series of historical films would show exactly *how* and why great events in the history of the Church occurred, somewhat on the lines of the pictures of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in "Intolerance," which gives one of the best explanations of that most misjudged event that I have read or heard. No one can see "Intolerance" and continue in the belief that the Church was responsible for the massacre; indeed there may be some who were first moved to inquire into the teachings of Catholicism after a visit to "Intolerance." For those who have not seen the film—and the whole cannot be recommended, however praiseworthy in part—a further explanation is required. An excellent example may be found in *Infallibility in practice through the Ages*, short films being presented in which the theme is worked out by means of particular instances: *e.g.*, Pope St. Clement writing to Corinth during the lifetime of St. John, as well as by a pictorial explanation of the meaning of Infallibility.

Thus the historical film will show what a doctrine means by showing how it is applied. But the first essays would have to be of smaller scope than this, content with the treatment of historical films of Catholic interest, yet with a definite appeal to the non-Catholic.

Finally, when the non-Catholic had been brought in spirit to famous Catholic shrines and shown what Catholics have believed and acted upon in past ages, something more constructive might be attempted by films explanatory of the Sacramental System and major doctrines of the Church.

Now as to finance. The production of a film entails huge expenditure, which must be made good by renting receipts. But a number of the films issued as Catholic Evidence would lose their value unless exhibited under Catholic auspices without charge or at a minimum fee,¹ many others being confined to outdoor presentation. In any case the work would have to be done, we are told, by subscription and constant subscription at that, the only means of placing the scheme on a sound financial basis causing a constant drain on the scanty resources of the laity.

The answer to this question may be inadequate; unfortu-

¹ In this connection, care would have to be taken that no film were exhibited which would entail unfair competition with a professional who depended for his livelihood on his success.

nately it can be tested only by experience. But it does seem to me that the money for the production of subsidized films could be found by the production of films with a definite commercial value. As in every other enterprise money would be required at the inception of a Catholic Film Company—and a great deal of money at that—but private enterprise should be sufficient. Indeed it would be all to the good if a Company were unable to devote itself exclusively to apologetic films; there is a crying need for an increase in the number of good, clean, wholesome films, produced side by side with a series of purely Evidential films. To begin with, travelogues and short historical features would enable the company to establish itself and gain a reputation. These films would continue to be made, so long as there was a demand for them, but for some years attention would be concentrated on secular subjects and secular stories treated by the application of Catholic principles. The exclusively Catholic film might not appear in this generation. We are building more for posterity than for ourselves.

"But," it may be urged, "you are merely making apologetics a side issue in the Company proposed." To a certain extent it is true, must of necessity be true. Rather I should say the secular film will pave the way for the apologetic film. At the moment I can see no other means of making a golden dream reality.

EDWARD J. MACDONALD.

IN ONCE CATHOLIC CORNWALL

WINWALOE, patron saint of the little Cornish fishing village of Gunwalloe, chose a singularly attractive site for the foundation of his church, known already in the thirteenth century as "ecclesia Sancti Winwolay." Standing among the sand dunes at the foot of the cliffs on the wild and solitary coast of the lonely Meneage, the little church, with its air of defiant solidity, may well serve as a symbol of man's ceaseless strife against the mysterious forces of nature. A mile or so north of the church are the cliffs of Helzephron—what magic in the name!—with their curious veins and streaks of red and green serpentine. Here also is the small but excellent hotel, and a hundred yards inland lies the village of Gunwalloe, consisting of a few picturesque white thatched cottages and grey stone houses. On the rising ground to the east, behind the village, some prosperous farms complete the outline of the picture. The grassy slopes on the brow of the cliffs are covered with innumerable tiny flowers, conspicuous among which are the scarlet pimpernel, the sea-pink, and the fragrant thyme. Two beautiful varieties of *Mesembryanthemum*, pink and yellow, grow in profusion on many of the cliffs. Now, in late July, the lanes are sweet with honeysuckle, while the brave fox-glove peers from every crevice in the grey stone walls; the latter in many places are entirely covered with climbing and creeping plants, the vivid pinks and mauves of the black-berry flower making charming patches of colour. And everywhere the feathery green of the tamarisk strikes the maritime note. Where all are so lovely, however, it will not do to make invidious selections. Cornwall is the Paradise of flowers, and in this far-off corner its reputation is justified.

Many of the fields are kept for grazing, and the animals in these parts are remarkable for their size and vigour. Particularly engaging are a mare and colt in a field opposite the hotel, from the windows of which they are under constant observation. The colt, some three or four months old, has the profile of a horse on the Parthenon frieze. It is still weak and unsteady on its legs, and often flings itself

to the ground, where it lies prostrate for hours. Then, just as suddenly, it pulls itself together and starts off at a wild gallop across the field, its golden-brown coat forming a fine contrast to the green of the grass and the blue of the sea beyond. The stolid mare crops the short grass incessantly from morning till night, unmoved by the offer of any delicacies. Few things are more soothing than to watch these patient beasts of the field with their leisurely, deliberate movements and placid acquiescence in their environment. There is no respite on this wind-swept coast from the plaintive lament of the gulls which haunt the cliffs, and may be descried in the grey light of a rainy dawn huddled in the fields bordering the sea.

A striking feature of the Peninsula is the expanse of heath and moorland known as the Goonhilly Downs, which extend for miles on either side of the Lizard road. In spring this open tract must be a scented sea of gorse and blackthorn blossom; in winter a scene of desolation pleasing only to those true nature lovers who rejoice in the very breath of the soil. In early August the Cornish heath, with its delicate crimson-tipped mauve and white flowers, is in full bloom. At the Lizard, as all along the coast, field upon field of ripening oats and barley slopes right down to a sea of the most intense blue. Here one may stand and look out over a thousand leagues of water. In the ancient church of Landewednack, also dedicated to St. Winwaloe, the last sermon in the Cornish language was preached in 1678.

By a strange irony of fate the Meneage, once a veritable stronghold of the early Celtic saints, is now almost destitute of Catholic churches. Apart from a mission at the Lizard, there is nothing nearer to Gunwalloe than Falmouth or Penzance, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. How long ago and far away the days when Ciaran or Piran, whose name is commemorated in the frequent prefix "Perran," and in St. Keverne, floated over on his millstone from the Emerald Isle! Arrived in Cornwall, he did not neglect the temporal prosperity of the people in the higher concerns of spiritual welfare, for it was he who first discovered and explained the use of tin. Intimately associated with the Meneage, besides Winwaloe, were Corentin (Cury), Ruan or Ronan, Melanious of Rennes (Mullion), and many others whose careers may be followed in Baring Gould's and Fisher's "Lives of the British Saints." During their lifetime they

acquired, as it were, a perpetual interest in the land for which they did so much, and doubtless they watch over it from their happy place, in which a thousand ages are as an evening gone. Another swing of the pendulum may restore to this earthly Paradise the spirit of other days, vanished now like the fair land of Lyonesse, and overwhelmed by the uncharted sea.

A most beautiful sight is the Loe Pool, a lake about seven miles in circumference, bordered on the one side by the Penrose woods, and on the other by a charming variety of meadows and cornfields on a gentle slope. The head of the Pool is close to Helston, a small grey market-town made musical by the sound of running water down its hilly streets, while the lower end is separated from the sea only by a bar of sandy shingle. Tradition associates the Pool with King Arthur and the legend of Excalibur, and the spot certainly gives colour to the suggestion. Even "in these prosaic days of politics and trade," the enchanter with his rod and incantations may be hard by, waiting to cast a spell over the unwary. . . .

Truly this is a land of romance. Even the sedate guide-book holds out hopes of pearls in the Helford River and gold in the neighbourhood of Manaccan. What a quest for adventurers! Be this as it may, the Helford River is well worth a visit, from which one could hardly fail to return the richer, though perhaps not in a material sense. Manaccan is a delightful, unspoilt village, with a magnificent fig-tree growing out of the south wall of the church. The hamlet of Helford lies hidden away among trees at the mouth of the river, remote and inaccessible as a garden in a fairy-tale. Here, surely, it should be possible to realize the ideal of the recluse—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Quaint St. Keverne with its spacious market-place and lofty church-steeple, so unlike the square grey towers characteristic of this part of Cornwall, tempts us to linger. So indeed does many another village of the Peninsula, for each has its own distinctive individuality; but we must return to Gunwalloe.

On a clear night the Penzance lights, some fifteen miles distant, are visible along the dark coast-line of Mount's Bay, and far out at sea flash the alternate red and white rays of the Wolf lighthouse. Dotted over the sea are the fishing boats, each with its light. And all night long the waves break on the grey rocks and the fine shingle of the beach.

Surely this is the most restful of all sounds to ears and nerves jarred and fretted by the artificial roar of cities. In places such as these one realizes with fresh force that strength for the battle of life and solace for its wounds must be sought, not in futile distractions, but in contact with God's first and greatest gift in the natural order—the outdoor world.

Looking out over the translucent sea from the grassy ledge of the cliffs on a summer morning, with wheeling gulls and cormorants the only sign of life, it might be the dawn of creation, when heaven and earth were new, and their Maker saw that they were very good. Every now and then a white butterfly flits out to sea over the huge shelving rocks; there is something incongruous and almost pathetic in the spectacle of that most fragile and transient of creatures moving so heedlessly over the vast immensity of water. Just so ephemeral is the frail barque of human life, launched out into the shoreless ocean of infinity, on which the island of Time floats midway between the eternity that is past and that which is to come.

Well for us if our brief sojourn on that island be so ordered that we may rest as quietly as the seafarers in Gunwalloe churchyard, where "the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection" is proclaimed by every little rock flower which falls asleep in winter and awakens in the spring to new life.

K. SECKER.

TWO VALIANT MOTHERS OF SOULS

II.

IF the courage of Mother Cornelia Connelly was made manifest in her heroic battle with external troubles of strange complexity—troubles well calculated to cause a peculiarly poignant anguish to her sensitive spirit—the courage of Mother Janet Stuart was tested and proved in no less degree by the work of life-long self-discipline, which, thanks in part to her biographer's skilful presentment and in part to the abundant manuscript materials available, is set before us in her *Life*¹ with vivid and convincing force. In the former case it is the story which carries the reader along, and he has largely to infer the character of the principal actor in the drama, from the record of what she did and suffered, from the testimony of her devoted daughters in religion who lived with her in her last years, and from the blessing which God obviously bestowed upon her many undertakings. But in the *Life* of Mother Janet Stuart there is a quite marvellous self-revelation, preserved in her correspondence and other written memorials, which somehow carries one's mind back to St. Theresa, in spite of the difference of vocation, and in spite of the utterly dissimilar conditions of the times in which they lived.

Rarely have we met with letters, whether religious or secular, whether studiously revised with a view to literary effect, or the spontaneous effusions of some crisis of deep emotion, which have the natural charm of those of Mother Stuart. Her whole character speaks out in them; and it is such a splendid character, so virile, so quick in its perceptions, so broadly intelligent, and so convincingly wholesome. One feels assured that there is not an unbeliever, however bigoted, if he made acquaintance with these epistles, permeated with religion though they are, who would not pay tribute to the spell they exercise. He might skip some passages, and pish at others, but they would hold his attention to the end, and he would go away with a sincere respect for the writer, which would live somewhere—possibly deep down in his subcon-

¹ *Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart*, by Maud Monahan, London, Longmans. Pp. xvi. 524. Price 21s. net.

sciousness—and would influence him for good. There are many valuable appreciations of Mother Stuart, contributed by various friends, which have been incorporated in the book before us—not the least illuminating being that contained in the Introduction, by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne—but the judgment passed by Mgr. Brown, the Vicar-General of Southwark, upon her gifts as a letter-writer is so singularly happy that we cannot forbear to quote it:

Her style of speech [he writes] was never diffuse, her mind was very concentrated, and this quality shows itself in terseness, directness, and simplicity of language. . . . But it is perhaps in her private correspondence that her gifts reveal themselves most fully. She would write a long letter without a dull line, a trivial comment, a superfluous sentence. She had a quick eye for all the salient features of a town and its people, and a ready sympathy of imagination, if one may so style it, which enabled her to catch the point of view of strangers and foreigners. Letters from Rome, from Austria, Egypt, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and Canada contain vivid impressions of the varied types of character, of the influence of environment upon temperament, of the work of the Church in difficult surroundings—all seized in a brief visit, during which she was kept hard at work with a mass of absorbing business. Yet they betray no sign of haste, the penmanship careful and neat as usual, the sentences full and well-balanced, the choice of words and illustrations as happy as if there were ample leisure for letter-writing, not a few moments snatched from the crowded hours of a long and arduous day. It was this gift of sympathetic writing that bound so many to her with the ties of lasting affection and friendship.¹

With such abundant material as these letters to fall back upon, it will be seen that the biographer's task must have been relatively an easy one. None the less Mother Maud Monahan has done her part admirably. She has seized the salient features in the character and given them their due prominence, she has effaced herself and for the most part has allowed letters, conferences and extracts from printed essays to tell their own story; but where narrative was necessary she has supplied it with a conciseness and aptness of phrase which are in harmony with the literary gift so conspicuous in all that was written by Mother Stuart herself. But it is time that a few words should be said to sketch, at least in outline, the chief features of the career with which we are concerned.

Janet Erskine Stuart, born in 1857, was the daughter of

¹ *Life*, p. 196.

the Hon. and Rev. Andrew Stuart, Rector of Cottesmore, Rutlandshire. Her father had married twice and she was the youngest of the thirteen children of which the two families had consisted.¹ "The thirteenth of the family has good opportunities of acquiring a habit of looking up," she afterwards wrote, "I think I have a good deal of capacity for appreciation and admiration, and, if one can call it so—power of worship." Her eldest surviving half-brother became Earl of Castle Stewart in 1914. Reserved and retiring though she was from earliest childhood, and the determined foe throughout life of all gush and sentimentality, her home relations seem to have been of the most affectionate nature. Her mother died when she was still an infant, but her elder sister Theodosia ("Dody") supplied in a measure the mother's place, and down to Dody's early death in 1878, there can have been no lack of tenderness in the influences which helped to mould a character which even in those childish days her devoted Swiss nurse described as *très décidé et ferme*. She seems to have been her father's favourite companion, and she loved him deeply in return, but the absence of self-assertion in her was so complete that no jealousy was ever felt, and it is plain that her brothers had a full share in her affections. "God," she wrote in after life, "never established a more beautiful relationship, I think, than that between brother and sister; some of His best creations are brothers, and brothers are *des êtres manqués* without sisters; there are such moments of life together, in all that is said and in all that is unsaid." It is not wonderful that Janet should have got on so well with her brothers. She was by nature a thorough sportswoman. All her life long she had a wonderful eye for the points of a horse, and her equestrian tastes peep out quaintly in her letters written from all parts of the world when she was acting as Mother Visitor or Mother General. More than that, she was a born naturalist with a wonderful faculty for observation and evidently a most retentive memory. Fortunately in these matters we do not depend merely upon the word of the biographer, who is always liable to be suspected of over partiality and of a readiness to magnify gifts of very ordinary dimensions, but the evidence of the letters which

¹ One accidental resemblance between the two valiant women here commemorated may be found in the fact that each of them was the youngest daughter of a second marriage, as well as the youngest child among a number of brothers and sisters; but in Mother Connelly's case it was her mother who had been twice married.

are lit up at every turn by flashes of brilliant description or by casual revelations of the writer's sympathies and of knowledge which could not be suddenly acquired or assumed, must bring conviction to every reader that he is in touch with a mind whose culture is only equalled by its utter lack of pretentiousness. It is no wonder that she learned easily from the French and German governesses who instructed her at her Cottesmore home, but she was a high-spirited child who had the healthiest love of play and the open air and was by no means inclined to prolong lessons any further than was necessary. "She loved Saturdays," we are told, "for they meant rest and peace, and always disliked Mondays, for all the lessons had to be begun over again."

Catholic influences first came into the life of Janet Stuart through the family of Lord Gainsborough. The Noels were relatives as well as neighbours, and when the old Earl died in 1866, though the new Earl who succeeded to the Exton property was a Catholic, his daughters, Lady Constance and Lady Edith Noel, almost necessarily became acquainted with the Stuarts.¹ Lady Edith lent a volume of Bishop Ullathorne's sermons to one of the Stuart boys, and the book having fallen into Janet's hands set her thinking. This led to a talk with the lender of the book, and the further developments are chronicled as follows:

"The next day I was given Cardinal Manning's *Grounds for Faith*, and the *Memorare*, which came as another flash of light upon me and was my first prayer for months, and for long afterwards my only one." Writing to an intimate friend, in 1909, she recalled these memories: "Did I ever tell you how Our Lady first came into my Life? It was by the *Memorare* . . . it took me off my feet at once, for it was so daring a statement that I thought it could not have lived if it had been a lie, and I said it constantly and clung to it as the first definite something that seemed to come authentically after my seven years of groping in the dark."²

All this happened in 1878 when Janet was twenty-one, and then developments followed rapidly. During a visit to London, she found an opportunity through the intermediary

¹ Some slight link between the two valiant women here commemorated may be found in the fact that Lady Constance Noel afterwards married Sir Henry Bellingham, and one of their two daughters going to St. Leonards became a nun of the Holy Child Order; though this of course happened some time after Mother Connelly's death. Lady Edith Noel in 1878 entered the noviceship of the Sisters of Charity.

² *Life*, p. 24.

of Mrs. Ross to meet Father Gallwey, S.J. His directness and downrightness—grace, no doubt, aiding the good work—at once gained her confidence. Her difficulties were solved and her mind almost made up, but to satisfy her father, and with Father Gallwey's full approval, she discussed the position with various Anglican advisers and notably, at her father's special request, with Mr. Gladstone. But the objections raised made no serious impression upon her and on March 6th, 1879, she was received into the Catholic Church at the Sacred Heart altar in Farm Street. "I have always thought," she afterwards said, "that this was my real baptism, for a doubt upon matters of faith has never crossed my mind since."

A great part of the next three and a half years was given to hunting and fishing, but not without much prayer in secret and often during the hours of the night. Eventually she was led to make an eight days' retreat at Roehampton. "Father Gallwey," we are told, "had no doubt as to what the issue of the retreat would be, and said to one of the nuns: 'Tell Mother Digby that if Miss Stuart offers herself for the noviceship, she is not to be refused. Tell her she is the most complete person I have ever met. After forty years of ministry in London she will know what that means.'" There can be no doubt that he, who was well versed in the higher paths of the ascetical life, was inclined to set this new convert in a category apart. "Will they appreciate her?" he is reported to have said on more than one occasion. This testimony is the more remarkable because one may be sure that the judgment of the famous director of souls was little influenced by an over-partial appreciation of her gifts of intellect. The cultivation of mind which makes so strong an impression upon the reader, as it stands revealed in the correspondence preserved in the book before us, could not have shown itself very fully in his intercourse with his penitent, neither was Father Gallwey a man who would have been unduly impressed by a display of accomplishments in a girl of her age. It was her qualities of soul and character, as they had been disclosed to him in one who at that period of her life was abnormally reserved to all the world beside, which had brought him to look upon Janet Stuart as one capable of great things in the service of her Master. And the event, as the book before us abundantly demonstrates, justified his foresight completely.

It would be impossible here to trace the steps of Mother Stuart's spiritual development in her early life as a nun. The record, as the biography sets it before us, is a very helpful one for all who are interested in the spiritual life. We find comparatively little here concerning those rather vague movements and illuminations of the soul which it is the fashion nowadays to classify under the name of mysticism, but we have plenty of excellent and common-sense instruction about the discipline of character, the preparation of meditation, union with God, forgetfulness of self, the practice of concentration and such-like homely subjects. Not that the higher forms of prayer were unfamiliar to her, as Chapter xx., entitled "The Closed Garden," plainly shows, but she was content during the greater part of her life to follow the humbler paths, which might indeed be called ordinary, except for the fact that in deference to the direction which she received, she seems to have done extraordinary violence to herself in restraining her soul from more exalted flights.

She had herself only left the noviceship five years and was no more than thirty-two years old, when the training of the novices at Roehampton was virtually confided to her direction, a charge which, despite some lengthy absences, she retained until 1911, though for the greater part of the time she also held office as Reverend Mother in the same house. Of the absences the most important were a journey in 1898—1899, when she accompanied the Reverend Mother General, Mother Digby, in her visitation of the convents of the Sacred Heart in North America; then another long series of journeys in 1901 as Visitor of the houses of the Order in the West Indies and South America; and finally in 1910 a long stay in Rome, whither she was summoned to give evidence in the cause of beatification of the Venerable Mother Duchesne. The delays attending such formal proceedings are no doubt inevitable, but Mother Stuart's complete resignation, in this as in all other matters, to the rulings of Providence was not inconsistent with an occasional flash of whimsical humour. "I feel," she wrote, "rather like a buttercup that has been licked up by a sacred Roman ox and is being ruminated at leisure." In 1911, after the death of the Rev. Mother Digby, who had been her novice mistress at Roehampton and whom she had loved so tenderly throughout all her religious life, she was elected to succeed her as Superior General of the whole Order. It would hardly be an

exaggeration to say that the brief remainder of her life was filled with continual journeys, during which she visited Italy, Sicily, Malta, Holland, Austria, Alsace, Spain, Rome, England, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Vancouver, and from thence home through Canada and North America. She reached Roehampton very ill and exhausted on June 26, 1914. There were one or two brief rallies, but the outbreak of war, soon after she had settled down at last in the mother house of the Order in Belgium, shattered all hopes of ultimate recovery. When the Germans occupied Brussels, it was thought most undesirable that the Superior General should be cut off from communication with all her subjects, and consequently, by the efforts of some devoted friends, means were found to convey Mother Stuart to England. She reached her old home at Roehampton in the early days of September, but the fatigue and discomfort of such a journey under war conditions had told terribly upon her enfeebled health. She lingered for six weeks, but on October 21st, after much suffering and after she had given to all a wonderful example of patience and assured trust in God, the end came very peacefully. Her body lies in the Sacred Heart Chapel of the Roehampton Convent, close beside the remains of her beloved friend Mother Digby and of those of Father Varin, S. J., who had played so prominent a part in the first foundation of the Order.

To the ordinary reader who is not definitely in search of edification, Mother Stuart's own letters will probably prove the most attractive portion of this admirable biography. To many it will be a revelation to discover that one so closely united to God can still be so observant of all that passes, so merry and with so quick an eye for the quaint side of every situation. The visitation of South America must have been an incredible trial to Mother Stuart, considering on the one hand her reserved temperament, averse to fuss of any kind, and on the other her profound religious humility. Here is a specimen of what she had to go through. Writing to Roehampton from Concepcion in Chile, she tells them:

The crowd of ladies at the station has now become familiar, and I go through the Chilean embrace with its varying gradations of cordiality, with a fair amount of fortitude and gravity, but this time when I had extricated myself from the advance guard who came into the train, I saw before me an expanse of Roman purple, and a pectoral cross, two hands in Roman purple gloves

and a big diamond: the heart of a Pontiff and a parent expanded to receive us! There was a Canon to right of him and a Canon to left of him, a secretary and the "famulus" behind, and a crowd of ladies around. I gathered together hastily the list of ecclesiastical titles and filial sentiments: such mouthfuls as the titles are, you cannot get on with anything shorter than *Illustrissimo Señor* or *Su Illustrissimo*. He insisted on my going in the carriage with him and one of the Canons and a lady: the other Canon and the President of the Enfants de Marie took Reverend Mother de L.; Sister de L. was handed over to the secular powers, a whole Christian family took possession of her, and the other ecclesiastics followed up in the last carriage. I hoped it was only as far as our door, but he was determined to "see the thing through" and told me he was going to preside at the *Magnificat*.¹

At the next convent she visited, which was at Talca, similar scenes occurred:

The platform was packed with a solid crowd, in the middle of which were five priests and the Council of the Congregation of Children of Mary in their blue and red ribbons, forming a double line like a cordon of police through the crowd and strewing rose leaves!!! all the way to the carriage! (White horses!) To walk through this side by side with the Parish Priest and an enormous bouquet in one's hands was indeed like "being a fool for Christ's sake"; Rev. Mother de L. followed with the Rector of the Salesians, and Sister de L., as usual, fell a prey to a Christian family. The most exquisite part of the situation is having to look as if one liked it.²

But it was not only the people and their strange ways that attracted Mother Stuart's attention. Being in the Southern Hemisphere she notes such things as this:

Orion was standing almost perpendicularly on his head this morning when I went out for meditation, his hunting knife sticking straight up into the air, and the three Kings were looking too foolish for words to a northern eye.

Or again:

The humming-birds when they pass one by, with the flash of a red head and the gleam of green waistcoat, make me think of the sudden flash of a happy thought in a meditation which has gone flat.³

As already stated, she had a wonderful eye for every aspect

¹ *Life*, p. 144.

² *Life*, p. 146.

³ *Life*, pp. 150—151.

of nature. It all interested her and often touched her deeply, while also supplying endless happy illustrations for her conferences and words of spiritual advice. "You must grow like a tree, not like a mushroom," she said to one, and to another, "I think God wants you to be a poppy in a wheat-field, not a violet in a wood." "Behold Youth admiring hope" she said one day as she gazed on a group of novices looking with upturned faces into the depths of pink cherry-blossom; and "Maturity contemplating strength," she added, as she turned to the professed who stood with her under a group of oaks. The Scotch gardener at Roehampton is reported to have said, "I would think myself honoured, I would, to walk a hundred miles to find a British fern or flower that Madame Stuart didn't know," and she herself frankly owned that "Bulbs and books are a sore temptation to me." It is no wonder that her letters from the West Indies and South America are filled with graphic touches descriptive of the flora and the fauna. None the less her interests extended to the inanimate world as well, and to almost every form of scientific knowledge. Faraday in the early days of popular science published a wonderful lecture on "the Chemical History of a Candle," but it may be doubted whether he got so much out of it as Mother Stuart did—certainly not so much food for the spirit. Witness this beautiful description of a candle flame:

The form of its myrtle-leaf, its movements of exquisite balance and of impetuous striving, its tremulous response to the slightest air, the transparent blue of its base, the brilliancy of its apex, the determined hold it keeps on a sudden gust, the gaiety of its quick recovery, if it can recover itself, or the suddenness with which its wraith is extinguished by too strong a blast, a violent death but no surrender; all these moods make it like a living thing, like the life of a brave spirit, the persistence of an heroic child, the evanescent glory of a short life.¹

One reads through such a book as this, marking striking passages or fragments of felicitous description, and one finds that before one is half way through one has picked out far more plums than can ever be used in a short article like the present, even with the most generous interpretation of the indulgence conceded to the friendly reviewer. But we must be allowed to extract one or two passages more to illus-

¹ *Life*, p. 207.

trate Mother Stuart's marvellously sympathetic outlook upon the world, upon the interests, the activities, and even within rational limits, the weaknesses of her fellow mortals. She must always have been an extraordinarily human critic of what went on around her, but in the last years of her life, when she occupied the position of supreme dignity in the Order, before which she ever upheld such lofty ideals, she seems, if possible, to have become more human than before, more condescending in her indulgence to diversities of temperament and to the wayward moods of our nature. Here is a charming passage, which we can only fully appreciate when we remember that it was written by the Mother General of a great Religious Order, making her visitation, and was meant for the perusal of her own spiritual children in the English Vicariate she had so long governed:

Peschiera [Italy], 20th Jan., 1912.

. . . This place is in the depths of the country, a beautiful property and a very nice house. . . . This morning I looked out of my window, between the dark and the light, on a beautiful snow scene, the more beautiful because there are both cedars and palms and a little plantation of spruce. I saw an old Mother come cautiously out of the house and look to the right and the left, exactly as a fox does with one pad lifted when he does not like the look of things, and then she trotted off along the snowy path looking quite sporting, and adding the human element to the snow scene. I felt inclined to cheer her from my window, for I thought they would be afraid of the snow! They are nice and simple people in the village; the curate and some of the inhabitants let off squibs when I arrived, as an expression of their affectionate regard for the Society.

Then the writer passes on to recall some memories of her recent visitation at Padua and Venice, where she had come upon traces of the early apostolate of the then reigning Pontiff, Pius X., who had begun his life as a parish priest in those parts:

One of the Sisters at Padua told me that when she was nine years old she went one Sunday to Catechism with a little blue ribbon in her hair. The watchful shepherd caught sight of the vanity and came down to inspect the lamb at close quarters. "What is this little midge doing here in such attire?" he asked, and he took off the ribbon and put it in his pocket. "And he

never gave it back to me," added the Sister, with some feeling still in her voice about that blue ribbon.¹

Of Mother Stuart's interest in the work of Catholic education it seems unnecessary to speak, though, as might have been expected of the Head of an educational Order, it was one of the great features of her life. But her book on *The Education of Catholic Girls* is so well known and so universally appreciated that it seems needless to insist upon the service it has rendered. Her other writings, both in prose and verse, are not quite so familiar. They were penned for the most part to convey some definite moral or spiritual teaching, and as would follow almost inevitably from what has already been said of their author's great saintliness and high intellectual gifts, they abound in passages conspicuous for their freshness of touch and for their keen discernment of the needs of the interior life. An appendix of some forty pages preserves a number of private letters, written for the most part to individuals among her spiritual children, which illustrate both the writer's extraordinary understanding of and sympathy with the needs of each separate soul, and also her admirable gift of saying the right thing in the way in which it will be most effective. They abound in telling little epigrams, but with truth, not any straining after smartness, at the back of them. For example she writes to one, "God bless my dear child, be brave and laugh at the funny things. It will often save you from crying"; or to another, "Why ask of the thought or the light which helps you, to show its passport or even its pedigree? If true, it is of God, to be used, whether it be a farthing rush-light of earth or a meteor from the seventh heaven." Or to yet another, "Life is for us all doing the will of God as it is made known to us moment by moment; we cannot make a scheme of life like an architect's plan, this for the ground floor, and that for the first floor and the staircase here." Or to make one last quotation from another chapter:

Only two loves can fill our souls—God and self. If self invades our faculties there is room for nothing else; if God takes possession, the whole world comes in with Him, but ordained and subordinated to Him: His creatures, His dear ones, His Saints, His needy ones, His suffering members, His little ones. It is not they that keep Him out, it is we ourselves. . . . The proof

¹ *Life*, p. 345.

of this is in the lives of the Apostles and the great apostolic Saints. . . . Had they less of God because every creature of God had a right to their love and service?

It is clear that the writer of these and many similar gems of spiritual wisdom was speaking from an experience which had been gained in many a battle with self and in the rigid practice of the great principles of which the life of a Religious is, or ought to be, the embodiment.

One word may be added in conclusion, and it applies to both the excellent biographies to which attention has been directed in these articles. Few of those who produce books intended for what is termed "spiritual reading," whether original works or translations, appreciate the need of clothing their edifying material in a natural English style which does not jar upon the rather worldly susceptibilities of the average reader. So much of the good effect of saints' Lives is impaired by the pious eccentricities of phraseology often conspicuous in books begotten in a convent atmosphere. Even the matter of names is important. If Mother Janet Stuart had been called, let us say, "Mother Philomena of the Most Pure Heart of Mary," many a well-disposed reader would never get beyond the title-page. Not the least service which these two books will render will be to convince the non-Catholic into whose hands they may fall that both the writers and the people written about must have been normal and educated gentlewomen, speaking the same language as himself, who would not have scared him if he had chanced to meet them in a drawing-room when paying an afternoon call.

HERBERT THURSTON.

THE VISION OF FAITH

ONLY the two idealists, the mystic and the child, believe in having secrets. To know that their heavenly Father has wonderful secrets which He will show them one by one, if only they will not grow too old for secrets, is enough joy to make them dance through life, wondering at the glory of buttercups . . . and the effect of a "De profundis" in Purgatory.

Every year, the middle-aged world is overtaken by the eternal Feast of Christmas, when it is stolidly reading the previous day's happenings under the title of news, through a pair of glasses which magnify them into easy importance. And every year, through the darkness of midnight, the bells cry out the mystery of Bethlehem and offer that mystery as the revelation of God and the Light of the world.

Oh poor world, come and see! Take off your spectacles and peer into the Manger! I offer you—not new lamps for old but vision for sight and understanding for knowledge. This is the secret of eternity and of all ages. You may not touch with one doubting scientific finger, but you may kiss His Feet, the Ancient of Days, born this night. As you love life—or cherish the childish idea that you do—don't try to find an explanation! Ask on your knees for faith, for without faith no joy will stay with you and sorrow will grow rank and moulder foully, like rose-leaves set in a brass jar. Bethlehem is a school for painters and poets. Ask for faith, without which you will only see what men have made, and forget to contemplate what God has made, and grow cynical, destructive and barren. At Bethlehem and nowhere else, the flower of faith grows, which can keep life sweet. Ask for faith, or you will grow out of all childhood and wander across life by one of the million sheep-paths which the bewildered mind traces for ever uncertain feet. How many such joyless vagrants have you not met?

Everyman, as you love the beauty you have seen, and the Beauty you have longed for: as you love youth and cherish strength and all the powers of your mind, with each a promise of almost infinite possibilities—ask God to defend you from the Terror of pride that walketh in the noonday. For pride alone can blind the delicate eye, age you with the pomposity of some fancied achievement, waste your strength in

strutting and posing and straining after approval and admiration. Pride alone can make you middle-aged and turn you into a braggart in motley, a "worthy citizen" with no abiding city, a buffoon of your own apeing shadow.

You may wear the garb of poet, statesman or philanthropist, but Death sees through all disguise. Pride conquered you, and set you to play one part or another: Death knows them all. Where is the soul God gave you? Your faith—your one talent? You have lost it? You grew out of it? You wanted to find out. . . . You had a Great Idea, and the rest of the world praised it. . . . So-and-so was a genius, and he had long grown out of faith. . . .

Poor swindled fool! If you had asked God, He would have told you that the genius was the Terror in disguise! Indeed, He knocked at your heart most urgently to warn you, but you talked loudly so as not to hear, and made much ado to drown His Voice. If only you had talked humbly with God and His Councillors about that Great Idea—for it was your priceless, irreplaceable vocation in embryo! The world praised it before it had developed; had you asked God's advice, it would have blossomed into a marvellous thing to amaze generations. And had you waited to find out. . . . O little Jesus! . . . if only you had refused all other explanations but His! And where, poor idiot, did you imagine a fuller, more glorious explanation of all things than from Him Who made them? If you had not asked to understand—until God Himself told you, mother-gently, in the Dark Night, you would still be a child, at liberty to "play before Him" to all eternity.

But I *asked* for faith!

But did you want it? Did you look for it under the low thatch of Bethlehem? Did you ask God for it as a child asks and will not be denied? No. You never behaved as a child. You were never at home when the angels announced His Coming. You were always away, running at the heels of some Excellent Transparency, some potentate with this planet for a duchy, in the hope that he would throw you a newly minted epigram,—a thing your niggard God never did; or that he would drop an Excellent Reason for what God had not yet told you, or a Splendid Scheme for making the world Utopia—warranted more effective than God's own method of the Incarnation.

And all the while, you *knew*. . . . You cannot deny it

before the Court of Heaven. You may weep. Death will not take pity on you. (God perhaps may.) Intolerable waste! God sent you faith enough to enlighten a million blind. It was in the Bethlehem of the books you found too ill-written to read: in the Bethlehem of the hearts of those you considered too commonplace for your friendship: even in the Manger of the tawdry, stuffy churches you passed by, and given away with the penny medal you refused to wear. You knew it might be there . . . would be there, and you were content that you couldn't see it from where you stood. The waitress at the cheap café found it in the book you contemptuously left behind, and the second-rate musician found it in the failure which came of your amused scorn. They have seen what no artist can ever see with his artist's eyes: they have seen how God looks at things. If the Others saw that, they would be as amazed as slum-children in a buttercup-field. You have seen many, but not God's point of view. You never had patience to see it. Bethlehem is more than a day's journey away from your business.

But Christmas has overtaken you again. You tried to outrun God and you thought that you left the Bambino far behind—but He just stood still and waited for you. He knew you would only run round in a circle. He knows your story by heart, but, like all children, He wants you to begin again.

Kneel down then, and be afraid of His terrible dear patience. If you are afraid now, Everyman, you need not be afraid at death. You know He loves you, and you love Him . . . a little. Children—and you must become a child, He says—are always afraid of those they love best: afraid, with lovely unknowing, that their beloved is only pretending to love them: or that yesterday's sin still hurts the heart that forgave it. They will wake in the night with nameless tears; "I was afraid . . ." and only rest happily against the heart that may hide a cause for their fear.

Such fear is one of the facets of spiritual childhood. A man who has never known fear has never known God, and a man who cannot brook this statement has never known a child. Fear is a capacity for being comforted with mercy. For a whole night St. Francis cried to God, "Who am I, O God? And who art Thou?" and God comforted him with ecstasy, so that, overflowing, he comforted his many brothers.

We are an abyss of nothingness and out of this depth

we must cry to God. It is natural to a child. But it is hard for stiff, grown-up joints to climb down. Only humility is supple and ageless. Pity the poor proud! How ungracefully, painfully, they do it!

And once down here, what must you ask? You ask it in that question, and God will teach you. It is enough to keep the wolf from the door that he hears us calling to know God's will. God's will is that you should have faith, and that with it—His pass-key—you should unlock, one by one, the mysteries of life, as He directs you, until the glories of all time, and all eternity, are an open book—a field of flowers.

"Without faith, it is impossible to please Him," says the Apostle. So many have tried, and failed, for, in the blackness of death which blotted out all their carefully considered theories, they cried: "I believe I am blind!" Their desire to serve their fellows was magnificent, but it only provided for this life. Their intellect was a marvellous thing, but it was finite, and could not prepare for an infinite Vision.

The ancient wisdom is to know that the soul can only see truly what is looked at through God. Of what use is some philosopher's point of view with regard to God and God's world? The only educationalist who will not be stifled in the dust of progress is the man who teaches God's point of view. The only statesman whose fame will outlast time, the man who applies God's principles to God's people, instead of his own time-limited ones. The only reformer to remake the world better than it was before, will be one who will make no single movement, neither praise nor blame, until the whole energy of God's will is behind him. The only philanthropist not to drag like a leaden hindrance on God's mighty progress, will discard his spectacles which permit him to see but ten or ten hundred years ahead, and hinder his own excitable activity by praying on his knees that no one else may get in God's way. So even if you are a philanthropist it is not waste of time to go to Bethlehem! Come, Everyman! Kneel on the threshold and fold your hands. You cannot read by lantern light, so you may leave the latest volume of Suitable Petitions behind. Rather, look at Our Lady and pray like this: "Please may I see the Baby?" And when you see Him: "I don't want to grow too old for secrets." Then, when you look through your tears, pray for me, because you will see the Vision of Faith: with childlike eyes you will see God.

C. R. HALLACK.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SANCTITY¹

WE had had quite enough of the conclusions, and even of the method, of Mr. James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*. We felt that anyone so hopelessly wrong about the Saints would quite likely be wrong about ordinary people. All the same, we saw that it was henceforward quite impossible not to study the psychology of Saints. For it was no good feeling that Mr. James was wrong if we could not show he was; and that if his was a wrong method of psychological approach, diagnosis, and verdict, there must be a right one. For after all Saints have a psychology. They are not mere automata *plus* grace. They are men and women, and so, presumably, have the complete human mental processes we all have. The supernatural, in them, is not substituted for the natural, but preserves and indeed may perfect it, even while it raises it to the higher mode of existence. Therefore it must be possible to study Saints, not only as historical personages, nor yet only as ascetical models, but as supernaturalized men and women, and reverently watch the Divine acting along with, in, and through, the human.

Many attempts have been made in this direction, perhaps too hastily owing to insufficient science. Hence we welcomed Fascicule XX. of the *Mémoires et Travaux*, published by the professors of the Catholic Faculties of Lille, entitled *De l'influence, étude psychologique, métaphysique, pédagogique*, by E. Thamiry, Doct. en Théol., hon. canon of Cambrai, and Doyen of the Lille Faculty of Theology. This would clearly provide a number of scientifically elaborated principles. But what was our delight on seeing Fascicule XXI., by the same author, entitled *La Méthode d'Influence de St. François de Sales; son Apologétique Conquérante*. For here was the application of the principles—application doubly guaranteed—by the scientific work just done by the author and by his ecclesiastical pre-eminence.

An adequate review of the former book would only be

¹ *De l'Influence*, by E. Thamiry, S.T.D. (Paris: Beauchesne), pp. 368, price 16.00 fr. *La Méthode d'Influence de S. François de Sales*, same author and publisher, pp. 147, price 6.00 fr. *L'Evolution religieuse de Luther, jusqu'en 1515*, by H. Strohl (Strasbourg Librairie Istra), pp. 174, price 7.50 fr. *La Liberté Chrétienne, Etude sur le Principe de Piété chez Luther*, by R. Will (Strasbourg Librairie Istra), pp. xix., 329, price 14.00 fr.

in place in a directly philosophical bulletin. M. Thamiry starts from the simple facts that there are changes in things, and that we can often talk of *this* being changed by, or changing, *that*. When such alterations take place between human individuals or groups in relation to one another, we can talk of *influence*. M. Thamiry asks *how* this can happen. He reviews, first, the solutions of antiquity—that of a Parmenides, who, obsessed with his vision of Unity, denied all multiplicity, and all becoming—so that the problem of “influence” did not even arise for him; that of Herakleitos, who admitted real “influences” within the ceaseless flux of phenomena, together with an absolute ultimate identity; that of Empedocles, who allowed for real influences between substances which were at once essentially distinct, and also related to one another by similarity or “sympathy”—an interchange of substance due to a pre-established harmonious receptivity. And so forth. A rapid review of Aristotle and the Scholastics ends in the “antinomy” which constitutes the problem: Nothing passes from the agent into the subject, and yet the agent produces something in the subject, where none the less the agent *is* not. The author restricts his examination of this to the human field.

In the first chapter he studies the tendency of all human activity to expand, and this, by a rhythm of dissipation and of reconstitution into a larger unity. He observes this in the sub-conscious, the conscious and the rational areas. He resumes this in detail, and examines the domain of sense-activity, intellectual life, and the life of will. And he deduces the empirical law (it is a registration, not an explanation), that all influence proceeds by way of an assimilation, and that every degree of actual or possible influence between this and that is determined by their actual or possible aptitude for reciprocal assimilation. The modern hypotheses that may be offered as to the nature of this fact occupy the next book. That of the compenetration of substances is rejected. A living entity is a *definite dynamic spontaneity* which rejects any essential compenetration. Rejected, too, the theory most amply developed by Leibnitz, that the soul (or any other real unity) produces its changes with complete spontaneity, yet in perfect harmony with all else, in accord with a pre-established plan of God's. Rejected, too, the various theories based on an ultimate Monism. By elimination, we discover that an adaptation is the necessary condition and the only mode of an efficacious influence suf-

ferred or exerted; every assimilation is a matter of progressive adaptation. Presumably c. vi. and c. vii. of this book are the vital ones—for after all, the question survives (it seems to us at least), why and how *this* causes *that* to assimilate itself, to adapt itself, to it. Impossible to indicate briefly this part of the book. But it may be guessed how interesting, historically, it becomes, when we say that in c. viii., by way of the Stoics, Philo and Justin are reached; and by way of Augustine, Aquinas, and the *rationes seminales*, and the inevitability of real and definite and teleological aptitudes, once *activity*, divine and created, and thus *process*, are admitted. The last book studies the applicability of this theory in the life of self (sense, intellectual, and moral), of individuals under one's influence, and of the crowd. This is rich in practical wisdom, and the theory, intrinsically orthodox, reveals itself as pragmatically true.

The other fascicule studies, in the concrete, the gradual formation of St. Francis's "apologetic"—its method has to take into account his own hatred for controversy. This implies the existence, orientation, and continual discipline, of a certain bias, a will-preference, in St. Francis. It continues into his desire to discover, and then to educate, the Godward natural-supernatural inclination, or bias, in others. St. Francis so profits by his own well-defined adaptability, as to use what he can be and do, to elicit what others can be and do. And from the "inclination" of their nature—with which Grace from the outset co-operates—he influences them right up to their proper term of development, which is *their* due and sublime union with God. He is, in fact, a superb illustration of the rightness of the author's theory. The Saint's method is shown to be most scientific (albeit unconsciously); the theory is shown to be sanctioned by the approbation affixed to the canonized Saint.

We hope, therefore, for the detailed study of more Saints along these lines—of St. Teresa, and her method in the *Interior Castle*; of St. Ignatius, in the *Exercises*; of the great revivalists, like Vincent Ferrer, of the missionaries, like de' Nobili, Maunoir, Felix of Cantalice, Francis of Solano. Then we want the generalizations. Definitely, we have not to fear the reproach of rationalizing the Saints: they were reasonable people, and had nerves, brains, instincts, emotions, and thoughts—these were at once limited, yet solicited; personal, yet God-assisted. God may be adored in the curve of falling

water, in the veining of a flower; and Grace be known the better for our right knowledge of its instrument.

Quaintly enough, two books in many ways similar to these have been published this year and reach us from, this time, the Protestant Theological Faculty of Strasbourg University. They are *L'Evolution Religieuse de Luther jusqu'en 1515*, by H. Strohl, and *La Liberté Chrétienne, Etude sur le Principe de la Piété chez Luther*, by R. Will.

There is no doubt that the old image of Luther is once and for all fallen from its pedestal. No one, however friendly, can explain him as he was explained thirty years ago, before, on the one hand, the discovery in 1899 of his "Epistle to the Romans" (of 1515-16), and on the other, the works of Denifle and of Grisar. Lutherans have had, since these two writers, to try their best, first of all, to demolish them. They have succeeded only in so far, it seems to us, as the Catholic authors narrowed their explanation of the heresiarch down to a single theory. Thus from Strohl, who exaggerates on his side, you would gather that Denifle explained the whole of Luther's career by his having found his evil passions become too much for him, and having invented a theology which should sanction his still posing as a religious man when he had given up trying to behave aright. Then the Protestant Troeltsch explained that Luther, still wholly a mediævalist, just put down an antithesis to a scholastic thesis on Grace, and initiated nothing. Grisar followed on the Catholic side, rejecting the idea that Luther was, in mind and act, corrupt, but certainly showing how his theology grew out of a *mood*—a sort of alternately feverish and indolent mood, which found steady right action impossible, and planned out his Christian theory on that personal basis of experience. Frankly, psychology has had to be invoked from that date forward, by all who seek to explain the genesis of Lutheranism. Cristiani decided that he yielded, alas, to tendencies which, controlled, might have made a saint of him; Dr. Preserved Smith, in America, psycho-analysed the unfortunate man, and found the origins of the Reformation in his infantile repressions. Kiefl, another Catholic, shows Luther to be under the exclusive domination of one idea—the Divine Omnipotence—and under this mental disability lay some physical abnormality—Lutheranism is pathological after all. Müller, again, thinks to prove that Luther is not even in opposition to a scholastic

thesis—and, therefore, himself a scholastic—but an honest lineal descendant of an Augustinian school. The ex-Dominican sought to prove this from his great knowledge of pre-scholasticism.

It will at once be seen from these few mere hints of the efforts to re-assess Luther, due to the commotion caused by the books of Denifle and Grisar, and those who have improved in detail upon them, that history of dogma, or rather of theology, and psychology, are going to give us the lines of approach to the Luther-problem nowadays.

Let us first put aside a great deal of material which certainly needs proper discussion, but no part of which, by itself, will contain the solution to the whole problem. Luther's work is not due just to Luther-Occamist, to Luther-Augustinian, to Luther shocked by abuses, nor even to Luther neuropath. Still, we think it must be from this last that we must begin. Was Luther therefore a mere debauchee? Certainly not. He will never be understood till his piety be seen as *co-existing* with his losses of control. Immoral, and pietist, are not reciprocally exclusive. Often you find men in whom religious sentiment is strong, who cannot cope with passion, just as you may find the austere irreligious man, like J. S. Mill. Personally, we think that Grisar was very nearly right—perhaps quite right. That the moment came, at any rate, when Luther gave up. It is quite unnecessary to suppose that this involved much or any outward sin. It means the mental cessation of a certain effort, and in Luther's case this was followed by the felt need of a system which should justify it. This was because he could no more throw off his intellectual habits than he could his pious ones. It is true that intellectually we may think him to have been the victim of a thousand mental confusions, and inabilities to understand what he read—this is often shown by his crashes of revelation: a single word, such as he must have heard time and time again, can abruptly throw him out of one extreme mood into another—but his whole career had been based on intellectual presuppositions; it is true also that no director with even a minimum of good sense could possibly have approved the spiritual state of a man who was so thoroughly chaotic emotionally as Luther, discounting all his own legends about himself, yet must have been. But again, pious feeling was constant, either as rapturously accepted, or despairingly sought, in his life. We decide, very firmly, that the

Reformation never need have occurred by way of the Lutheran revolution, had Luther himself been taught to think, to control himself, to be humble and unselfish, to have practised ordinary virtues, in short. His very coarseness, vile as it is, we see rather as a reaction against a spirit continuously occupied with things too high, thus far, for its flight. His fierce self-condemnation is the counterpart of his horrible self-sufficiency; his self-preoccupation, starting by way of continual repression up to superstition-point, ended in self-installation on a platform above all created powers.

When we say that these authors seem all-but to understand our terminology, and again, all-but our ideas, we show at once how much we have approached to a real sympathy and mutual respect, and yet what a chasm still gapes between us. For in matters like liberty and justification a little mistake is almost worse than a total misapprehension. The latter can be quickly corrected. One may say that the Protestant myths about mediæval Catholicism ought by now to be thus corrected. Yet we see how, in virtue of the least obliquity of vision, writers like these fail to see how dogma, sacraments, ritual, pious acts and the like, can ever be anything but servitude. Yet we know we can be perfectly free in them—nay, find and practise and confirm through them our freedom. Luther we see taking his plunge into the sovereignly un-free realm of instinct. Practically Luther's complete denial of free-will—not only in the *De Servo Arbitrio*—is recognized. But when we have said that Erasmus is thought of by M. Will as mechanical, merely theist, in his views, we see how unlikely he is to understand any of that period.

All the same, if we are not to read the enormous works of, e.g., Scheel, this latter book seems the best that can be said on behalf of Luther's special doctrine. Together, they establish our conviction that that anarchic man introduced "nothing original except his temperament," and did but apply the match of his rhetoric to converging trains of powder, chiefly political and social, which asked only for that to explode. We see, for result, the Monisms of modern Germany, on the theoretical side; and the brutal individualism or (in its other version) governmentalism of so much of her practical side. Into these two extremes crystallized what could cohere in the turbid floods Luther set roaring loose through his land.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

THREE CHRISTMAS TREES

CHRISTMAS Eve, and the night falling. For two days the same sharp wind had blown out of the east, across the great central plain of Europe, with a bitter black frost in its mouth. Now the snow was falling, but sparsely, barely sufficient to whiten the house tops: but enough to keep all indoors who had no business to call them out into the long, narrow street—of Mariahilf, a small bleak townlet fifteen miles eastward of P.

By the fire, in a wooden elbow-chair, sat Friedrich Günther—of a once great name, but of modest condition. His hair was grizzled but not white: a year ago it had been still almost black. The lines in his gray face were deep now, and the once genial mouth was set in what had become a chronic puckering of lips seldom opened without necessity, for sorrow had taken the man sternly, as it takes some gently—breaking down frozen tempers. Perhaps this bowed head had been held over-proudly till the weight of grief struck it down.

An elderly woman, evidently his wife, was pretending to have some occupation at the window, which had a long sill broad enough to support certain dull plants (which looked as if they had never flowered and never intended to flower), but in reality the woman was doing nothing, only peering through the screen of mouldy greenery out into the desolate street. From the window she could see, while the fading dusk lasted, a good way—as far as "Hans Schaun's corner," where Schaun's shop stood, a shop which had no speciality of stock-in-trade, but displayed in its window any articles Schaun could afford to procure and his neighbours could (as he calculated) afford to buy. Half the space in his window was taken up now by tiny fir-trees—for poor as the neighbours were they must even in war-time have each their Christmas Tree: very small trees with very little on them.

Among the tiny fir-trees were small boxes of coloured tapers—short and lean—red, blue and yellow: and there was one box of tinsel balls, not all gold, but some rose-coloured with tinsel stripes or stars, some white, also gold-starred. Also among the little trees there was a little crib, of brightly-

painted, embossed cartridge-paper. It could fold up and was esteemed by Frau Schaun a miracle of art. She liked it none the less that the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the shepherds were clearly Germans—one of the shepherds remarkably like Anton Hess the wheelwright round the corner. Frau Günther up the street had been Maria Hess, and was Anton's sister, but older than him, and since her marriage—twenty years ago—much better off than any of the Hesses.

"Is there," Friedrich called out from his place by the hearth, "any sense in making thyself cold there? Do we have a fire to warm the chimney?"

His wife sighed meekly.

"Thou knowest why I look out by the window," she said. "When he went away I promised to look out every evening at night-falling—let me set a candle in the window. We can afford it, especially just to-night; Christabend."

"What is the *use* of putting it? What is the use of looking out?"

Her husband objected. It had come to that with him that he asked concerning everything "What is the use of it?"

He let her alone and went on with his dreary musing. The fire at least was not dreary, it could warm his feet, if it could not keep his heart from freezing.

"Fritz," Maria said with a timid hardiness, over her shoulder, "when the other children came, long ago, after our Fritzchen, you did not welcome them. You were afraid they were going to be too many and would prevent you getting rich as soon as you wished. . . ."

Her husband frowned but let her go on, pretending not to listen at all. He bent forward and stirred the logs so that they made a brighter blaze, till all the homely room was filled with light: Maria saw how the bright light shone upon the long window and thought "it will do instead of the candle."

"You grumbled as they came," she went on, braving the frowning face that cast a huge shadow on the white wall; "you thought of nothing but the spending they would cost. And even when they died you did not care much. You only thought 'there will be more for Fritzchen.' You only cared for him, because he was the eldest—as if you were a Count of the Holy Empire all taken up with your *heir*, who was to carry on your fine name—a corn-factor's heir. . . ."

At last Friedrich interrupted harshly.

"My heir though: heir of the last of our branch of the Günthers—and, but you know nothing of what it is to hold a great name. It is no use expecting you to understand. How should Johann Hess's daughter understand!"

"Johann Hess loved *all* his children: not the eldest only. There were twelve of us. And he was poor, but he never thought one of them was one too many. He found bread for all and never cared if the eldest should be poorer because there were eleven brothers and sisters to love him."

The poor man groaned.

"And you think I didn't love my lad—my first-born, the only one left to me!"

It was a very bitter cry of protest and it dried up the reproaches his wife—with a pent-up silence of many years burst and broken at last—had been raining on him.

"Ah, dear God!" she cried weeping, "but you loved him: he had it all, all the love that should have been divided among all. And yet—yet you grudge a candle for him, and ask 'What use?'"

"Well, what *use* is it? Can a candle in the window give welcome to one who can never come home? Can he see it from his grave, if he has any grave? It only makes it worse—pretending to have hope when there is no hope. I would burn the house down to make a bonfire to light him up the street if he could be there. You know where he is, dead in that French place."

The man's words were harsh and pitiless, but the voice, that had grown in a few months an old voice, was very anguished. He was become like a poor agonized death-stricken hound that will bite at itself and everyone in its torture.

"But Fritz," Maria pleaded, "the priest who wrote did not say he was dead."

"He said he had found the boy, among eleven others, in a room at a school used as a hospital, mortally wounded. He said he had given him the Last Sacraments, and praised his religion and devotion. When he went back next morning he had no hope of finding him alive, and he found him gone. The dead it seemed were taken at once to the mortuary and buried quickly. It was a French priest who lived near by the school who buried them."

"But," urged Maria, "the priest who wrote never *saw*

him dead. *He* did not bury him, though he buried some that very day on which he looked for him and did not find him."

"He saw a list of the dead—English, French and German—who were to be buried that day, and our Fritzchen's name was among them."

The agonized father was in terror of listening to delusive hope.

His wife went away again from his side, and crossed the room to where a crucifix stood, between carved wooden figures of Christ's bereaved Mother and St. John, and from under the pedestal of the cross took a letter and brought it over to the fire. By its light she read the often-read letter over again.

It was directed to the Archbishop of P., and was written in English. It bore date of October 18, 1914, and said:

My Lord Archbishop,

I may not say whence this is written. We may not give the place of writing on any letter we write even to our nearest relations. I write this to Your Grace instead of to the parents of a poor lad I assisted during his last moments yesterday afternoon, because I think it certain a letter addressed to one in your high station sure to arrive, and also because I can venture to write in English to Your Grace, and I can scarcely write in German at all. I was able long ago, but have forgotten. I cannot talk much German either, but can understand it still if spoken slowly. Yesterday at dusk I visited one of the several hospitals in this town for the wounded. This one is really a school used as a hospital. In one of the class-rooms I found eleven poor fellows of your nation all brought in from the battlefield mortally wounded. Four were Catholics, and all four made their confession, and received Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum. All were very devout, and full of religion. But I was touched most of all by the devotion of a big lad of nineteen (he looked older) who talked to me also after he had fulfilled his religious duties about his home and his parents with most tender love and regret. It was harrowing. He yearned so terribly for his home and them, and suffered so much more for their bereavement than from his own wounds and pain. I was a long time with him, but at last he slept, through exhaustion, and I went away. Next morning I went back, but found his place empty—as were the ten other places. Ten were dead—one little lad had become sufficiently better to be removed to train-head for transference to another hospital. He had told me his name—Karl Fuick. Where my poor fellow had lain was

his prayer-book, and in it was his name, Friedrich Günther, son of Friedrich Günther, of Mariahilf, near P—. He, with the other nine who had died since I was there yesterday—two English, four French, and three Germans—were all buried by a very charitable French priest who lives next to that school used as a hospital. That priest talked German perfectly, and was as kind to any poor wounded Germans as if they had been of his own nation. I did not think at once of writing through Your Grace to let the poor parents know how Christian an end their son made. I fear it will be more difficult to send their son's prayer-book as well as a letter, but I will ask, and do so if it is possible.

Begging Your Grace's Blessing,

I am, most respectfully,

Your Servant,

HENRY MASTERS,

Military Chaplain.

Attached to the English letter was a German translation, but the poor mother and father fingered most the original paper traced by a hand that had given the last holy Unction to their boy.

"It is certain," Friedrich sobbed; "it is hopeless. When we cheat ourselves with false hope we lose him again each time the hope breaks down."

"We break down," the mother persisted, "not the hope."

"It is cruel to say that. It is cheating one over again. It is as you have been hinting—preaching rather. I grumbled because God sent us children I had not wanted, thinking them too many, thinking they would prevent me leaving Fritzchen rich. So God has stolen away the one I wanted to keep."

"How can God steal—who owns everything? That is a wicked word, and I was wicked to say what I did. God would not let a lad be killed to spite his father. God loved the boy more than we did."

"Not more than I did—speak for yourself," the father gruffly retorted.

Maria shuddered.

"Fritz," she asked, "have you ever *asked* God to send him home?"

"No. What use to ask the impossible! We shall go to him: he will come no more to us. Did David get *his* son back?"

"Did David ask? He said what you have just said. I

ask every day, and all day long. I should ask if I had *seen* him killed."

This time it was the father who shuddered. His wife's indomitable faith frightened him.

"What is being killed to God?" the poor woman cried aloud. "Is one way of being dead beyond His power, and another not? Lazarus was as much dead as if he had been killed in battle. Jesus knew when he died, and went to bring him back. The Jews laughed at Him. 'Our friend sleepeth,' Jesus said, 'and I go to waken him out of sleep.' Has He forgotten how to raise the dead because He has raised Himself from death. Fritz, my beloved bridegroom, *ask* Him! Kneel down and ask Him. And get up and go and light the candle in the window. It will lighten him home even if they put him into the ground—that foreign ground. Ask, ask, ask! Don't let God think you agree to his being dead."

"What is the *use* of asking the impossible!" groaned the wretched father.

"Impossible! For you, for me, for any of us; but how impossible for Christ who raised Himself out of His own grave? Kneel down and ask Him."

"She grows crazy," thought Friedrich: and to quieten her he knelt down and asked.

Outside the gloomy air was filling with the noise of the Christmas bells. They chimed a regular tune, the air of the anthem,

"For unto us a Son is given."

.

The snow fell thicker and faster now. If any passengers had been abroad their clothing would have been thick with soft whiteness. There was only one in all the street. He looked, in the wan light of Schaun's window, outside which he stood, like a snow man, such as the children make. Around his neck and face a thick comforter was wrapped, up to his eyes. That also was half snow-covered.

Pushing the shop-door open he went in and said gruffly:

"A Christmas tree, please. The biggest you have."

"Ah, we have no really big ones this year. Everyone is too poor: what money they can spare they spend on comforts to send to their sons and husbands at the war. We have but these little ones."

"Then I will take these three," said the stranger. "And all these candles and these pretty decorations."

So large an order much impressed Frau Schaun: the stranger must be rich.

"No presents?" she inquired, wondering what to offer.

"Only one."

"For three trees!"

"Yes, only one. It will be enough. I have it."

His pockets were certainly bulgy. Frau Schaun stared at them, wondering what they might hold.

"But only one present," she objected, "for three trees."

"Yes, only one. They won't complain."

The stranger's voice suddenly changed—it had been cheery, almost mischievous. It took on a certain note of uncertainty and dread.

"Are all well in the village," asked the stranger.

"All well. No! How could that be? With Frau Scheuch bedridden, and Mattheus Hienz half doubled with rheumatism! Plenty of illness. A hard season and not too much fuel or food. Certainly not all well."

"None dead though—since, since the summer?"

"Many families in mourning: for so many killed at the war. But none dead in the town, since Ferdinand Schreiner died in July. It was to be expected at his age—who can be surprised when one of ninety dies?"

The stranger took his three little trees in his arms and stuffed into his pockets the boxes of candles and baubles. Then saying "Thank you, and a good Christabend, Frau Schaun," he went out into the thick snow.

His big feet made hardly any sound on the muffled pavements any more than if he had been walking on carpet.

"'Frau Schaun,'" thought that lady; "he knows what my name is. What's his, I wonder."

"Hans," she called out, "come out here." Hans, in the stuffy little parlour (more like a counting-house, that smelt like warm second-hand clothing) was seasonably employed in compiling Christmas bills, partly by the aid of a well-thumbed sales-book, and partly by sheer force of imagination and bold surmise.

"Why?" queried Mr. Schaun, not eager to quit the cosy airlessness of the parlour for the draughty shop.

"Because I want thee to come and look at a man who," she concluded with alluring hyperbole, "has just bought all the shop."

Thus seduced Schaun lumbered up and joined his wife.

"Where is he?" he demanded with a disappointed glance round the remaining stock, which was much less reduced than he had been led to hope.

"There: look at him. Do we know him? He called me Frau Schaun."

"Customers don't generally call thee Lisa. I don't know him. He's like no one I know except the pump."

Earlier in the week Schaun had swathed the pump in far from "tailor-made" habiliments of straw. Meanwhile the man like the pump was passing up the street. A broad street of houses so low as to make it look broader than it was.

Friedrich Günther risen from his knees, was, as an act of reparation for his previous refusal, setting *three* candles among the plants in his window. By the time the stranger had reached Günther's house the candles were well alight. "One for each tree," he told himself. "She hasn't forgotten her promise," he added with a sharp realization of the many, many times she must have lighted her candle with a sickening sense of its inutility. But perhaps not. *He* did not know any definite bad news of him had come home.

He drew near the window and peered in—how well he knew that room!

The elder Fritz had drawn back from the window and was standing by the table in the middle of the floor.

"There, I have done what thou didst ask," he muttered, turning to his wife, behind whose back all the bright light of the fire was shining.

"Yes, dear man: I thank thee," she was saying. Then, with a sudden start more like terror than joy or hope, she gasped out:

"Herr Je'!"

That exclamation, so often used profanely enough, came from her lips as something midway between a prayer and a cry of ineffable terrified aspiration. Her eyelids closed—she was afraid to go on looking.

"What is it?" Friedrich demanded, sharply turning from her to glance whither she had been staring.

Above the plants, a face was almost pressed against the window-panes. Above the face was a snow-piled cap.

"No!" shouted Friedrich. "It cannot be! Dear God, it is and to mock." Maria's eyes opened again: her lips were trembling exceedingly. Her face was ghastly white

—almost gray. She fell forward in a heap at her husband's feet: she had never fainted in her life before and it seemed to her and to him like death. But it was the best thing, I daresay, she could have done.

When her consciousness returned it was not her husband only who was leaning over her, with a small cup of potato-brandy in his hand. Fritzchen, the *young* Fritzchen, was supporting her head, and chafing her forehead, her hands with the brandy. A big puddle of melted snow from his clothing lay all around them both. Three little fir-trees stood round it, as if it had been a little lake in a little forest: little tapers of various colours kept dropping from one of his pockets. "Are they good for swooned persons?" the elder Fritz inquired as one of them plumped down on his wife's nose. It was the only joke he had ever attempted since the second year of his marriage—the attempt proved how over-wrought he must be.

His son was stooping down in a fruitless effort to kiss his mother without shaking snow all over her.

"That is," the lad answered, succeeding.

It gave him a queer feeling when, later on, he read the English priest's letter about his own Christian end.

"Eh," he said, "how I remember that afternoon! I thought I was dying: I was sure of it. I hadn't much consciousness when I saw him come in picking his way across the floor that was covered with us—there were no beds and we lay in our stretchers as they had brought us. All were badly wounded, but only eleven of us in my state. It felt very cold—we hadn't eaten since before the battle; though they had covered us with plenty of blankets. I didn't notice that he was a priest, for he was not wearing the cassock. But presently I heard him reading Latin—over the little fellow lying next me: a boy almost, with a funny face and very black hair. The priest was giving him Extreme Unction: I heard the lad say 'My feet also,' and saw him straining to get his boots off. Then the priest gave him the Blessed Sacrament and I said 'I am a Catholic, too,' and he turned round to me. 'I can't talk German,' he said, in what he evidently thought *was* German; 'but,' he said, 'I can understand enough to hear your Confession—I think.' So I made my Confession; then he asked if I had any prayer-book—we all had one. And he read the prayers for the

dying out of it, and the long words nearly killed him. He gave a sort of gasp when he saw one coming: and tumbled over it, as if he had been tumbling over a chair in the dark. All the same he did his best, and he was like a father in that strange place. He stayed a long time, and when he left me, said he would come back in the morning—that was after he had given me the Blessed Sacrament and read all the prayers. I said I should be dead before morning. One of his tears fell on my face and I know he was kind, though English. He went away as if he wanted to stop—only he saw I was scarcely conscious. I had had to hold on to myself to do it all. He told me I had better sleep, but I said 'When I do it will be for ever.' I had told him about you, and how my mother would at that hour be lighting the candle in our window for me to see if I came home—it was then I felt his tear on my cheek—I liked it because it was hot, and everything else was so cold. He said God's Mother would pray for mine—*her* Son had come back to her. Yours, Mutterchen, would never, I knew, come back to her. I suppose I was asleep when he went away: I knew no more till early in the morning. I saw the little dark fellow by my side, dead, with his eyes open, and a sort of laugh on his lips. He was holding my prayer-book—he had told me before that he had lost his. A sergeant was taking down the name and regiment written at the beginning of it, and I tried to explain that was my name and my book: but I could not: the man could not understand me—of course he did not understand German, and I couldn't speak at all clearly or move either of my hands to make a sign. Presently they carried out the little black-headed lad, and I knew where he was going. They carried me away too, but only to another place where there were doctors—I hadn't seen them since before the priest came on the afternoon before. One seemed to think it was no use doing anything more, but the others insisted and they did an operation. I recovered in another place, and felt much better—in less horrible pain, and able to breathe, and they gave me hot soup with brandy in it, I think, and I felt better still. Presently—I don't know how long after, for I was always falling asleep, I recovered again and I was in an ambulance, and it took me (and some others) to a hospital train. We went to England—they (our own people) had said *that* was England, and that we couldn't go to London because it had been destroyed. I was terribly

ill for some time, and had another operation. The doctors were kind and so were the nurses, though some of the nurses looked as if they did not like us—us Germans I mean. One patient in a bed next mine had been a waiter and he could talk a little German—*such* German! I asked him to write a letter for me, but he said he couldn't do that—German prisoners' letters must go through the Commanding Officer. I don't think he *could* write a German letter, and my hands were bound up in splints till long after that. At last when I could write I made a letter, and I threw it out of a window in the wash-place. I didn't know what else to do, and just hoped someone would pick it up and post it. Perhaps someone did, but they had regulations like ours about letters, and a letter to Germany would not have much chance of going through—at all events, not for a long time. You may get it still. I was wounded on the 18th of October early in the morning. On the 8th of December a lady came who talked good German: she said her son was a prisoner here in Germany and had been badly treated. But she spoke most kindly—though I think she was a foolish person. Perhaps, she said, if she had pity on me, it would cause those where her son was to be kinder to him. I told her I had thrown my letter out of that window. 'If it had been yourself,' she said, 'some kind person might have helped you.' 'It was at four o'clock in the afternoon,' I told her, and she said 'To-morrow afternoon?' as if she was a fool, for I had told her it was two weeks ago. After she had gone I thought it over, and wondered how any rich, educated lady could be so silly."

"God bless her for ever, and send her son safe back to her," said Maria.

"Yes, Mutterchen! I wakened up in the night and thought 'Who was the fool, she or I.' Next afternoon before four o'clock I went into the wash-place, where a dandy English soldier *was cleaning his teeth*—I almost laughed. But when he had finished and there was no one else there I went where my letter had gone. It was not easy, for the window was very little and opened upward—slantways to let the air in from the top. However I did get out, and found myself in the park—that hospital was a rich gentleman's house. There were little trees standing about, and it was so nearly dark they looked almost like people. I stood behind one and saw a motor-car coming.

"It stopped near my tree and a lady called out of the window: 'John, I think I have dropped my muff—while I was showing my pass to the sentry at the gate. Would you go and see?' It was *my* lady, my fool as I had thought her.

"John went back as she told him—and did not return for five minutes. She had dropped the muff—on purpose, though not where she had been speaking to the sentry. She had dropped it out of the window.

"Meanwhile she had opened the door for me and told me to cower down on the floor at her feet, and a big fur-rug of hers she had stretched over me from her knees to the seat opposite. She thanked the man for finding the muff, and her hand shook as she received it from him. I thought she was talking silly again when she said 'John, do I look pale? I feel pale. I feel as if I should like to be sick. Do you think I am going to faint?' John couldn't see whether she was pale or not. It was too dark in the car. But he said 'Yes, my lady. Sadly pale. P'raps your ladyship had better go home.' She generally stayed a long time in the hospital, and I expect he preferred to go home. 'Very well, it may be best,' she said, as if unwillingly. So we turned round and went to her home, a sort of castle on the edge of a town. She kept me there, hidden, for some days. Then a pass came for her, from a great Minister, to go to Holland, where she pretended her own poor son had been sent from here. I travelled with her as her footman, dressed in her livery. She pretended I had been shell-shocked and could hardly speak. We got to Holland—after which it was not so hard, but still hard enough. She had to tell many lies, and she used to cry afterwards. But she told them—saying that her son was at Düsseldorf and if she could get there would be allowed to see him. At Düsseldorf I asked her to let me go and see the Commandant, and she gave me her card—a Countess she was, though there was no coronet on the card. I told the Commandant all she had done, and he came to see her and promised he would do all he could for her son, and he began by going himself to see the Commandant of the prison-camp where her son was: and he brought the son back with him—that Commandant likes Countesses I am sure, even English ones. So she didn't go back to England alone, but her son only had to wear the footman's clothes for a day—till they got to The Hague. So after all her lie about seeing her son at Düsseldorf came

true, and her first lie to the Minister about his being in Holland."

"God wasn't much angry with her lies," said Maria, "that sees itself."

"So," Fritzchen concluded, "here I am, with three Christmas trees and plenty of tapers but no presents. Frau Schaun thought me crazy to buy so many trees and so many candles, but no presents. I said one was enough and it was ready. Here it is." And the big lad thumped himself for explanation. Though he had bought so many tapers his mother took the three candles from the window and fastened one to each tree.

"Listen," she said, "to the bells chiming." "For unto us a Son is given," chimed the bells.

Another Scripture text came reproachfully into old Fritz's mind.

"For my son was dead and is alive."

'Twas he, not his son, who had wandered far, and eaten the swine's husks of doubt and misbelief.

"Why," asked Fritzchen, "don't you use all the tapers I bought?" There were dozens and she had only fixed six of them to each tree. "It is enough," she whispered softly. "One for each of your brothers and sisters, who are keeping their Christabend with the Christ Child Himself."

JOHN AYSCOUGH

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

"SABOTAGE"

An Etymological Quest.

IN the course of a private conversation a question was asked the other day as to the origin and precise meaning of the term *sabotage*. No one present could pretend to speak with accurate knowledge, and a reference to available authorities proved surprisingly disappointing. The great Historical English Dictionary, though the S volume was published as recently as 1914, does not recognize the claim of *sabotage* to be regarded as naturalized in our language. The *Stanford Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases*, which appeared in 1892, with the express object of recording the indebtedness of modern English to alien tongues, is equally silent. So also the *Encyclopædic Dictionary* of 1910, and the *Webster's Dictionary* of 1913, as well as *The Times* edition (1902) of the *Century Dictionary*, give no help. In the *Revised Century Dictionary*, however, of 1914, and in *Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary* of 1919 the rights of citizenship are accorded to *sabotage*, but it is rather curious to note the divergence of the two. From the former we learn that *sabotage* means 1) "the making of sabots"; 2) "the doing of work quickly and badly"; 3) "the intentional garbling of copy or composition by a printer"; and 4) "malicious injury done by an employee to the industrial establishment of his employer."¹ But in the *Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary* a rather different line of country is suggested; the whole entry, after an indication of the pronunciation and the French origin of the word, standing as follows:

SABOTAGE.—1) The act of cutting shoes or sockets for rails in railroad-ties.² 2) By extension the act of tying up a railroad by malicious damage. 3) Hence, any poor work or other damage done by dissatisfied workmen; also the act of producing it; plant-wrecking.

¹ The whole of this is nothing more nor less than a translation of the entry 'sabotage' in the *Nouveau-Larousse*.

² *Anglice*, "sleepers."

These indications not being entirely satisfactory or concordant, it was hoped that, on an appeal to a file of *Notes and Queries*, it might prove that the subject had been thoroughly investigated in that great repertory of out-of-the-way information, but our search was not rewarded with success. Finally we made a last attempt upon the French counterpart of *Notes and Queries*, the *Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et Curieux*, a rather formidable undertaking, as the later volumes are each indexed separately without any general index embracing longer periods. Happily we here met with the information which we were seeking, and it is rather instructive to note the chronological order in which it presented itself.

In April, 1906, a correspondent wrote to the *Intermédiaire* to ask the following question: "In connexion with strikes we often read of the adoption of 'sabotage.' What is the meaning of the word, and in what does the practice consist?" We may fairly assume that the asking of such a question affords reasonable proof that in 1906 the use of the word sabotage in this sense was even less familiar to educated Frenchmen than it is to ordinary English readers at the present day. By way of reply another correspondent thereupon furnished some extremely useful extracts from a pamphlet which had been published, apparently about the year 1897, by Messieurs Pouget and Delesalle, whom he describes as anarchists, and as the leading members of a commission at Toulouse who were instructed to report upon the policy of Direct Action. The pamphlet was entitled: *Boycottage et Sabottage* (sic), and was sold for a penny. In this may be found such passages as the following:

Moreover *sabottage* is not such a new thing as it seems. In all past times workers have practised it individually though not according to any regular system. By instinct they have always made the output suffer when the employer has increased his demands, and, without clearly realizing what they were doing, they put into practice the formula "for bad wages, bad work." . . .

And do not think, comrades, that in substituting piece-work for work by the day, employers will be able to protect themselves against sabotage. These tactics are not at the disposal of day-labourers alone.

Sabottage may be applied to piece-work too, but here the method is different. For the workman to limit production would be to cut down his own wages. Consequently the sabotage must

now be brought to bear not upon the quantity, but upon the quality of the work turned out. . . . In cases where the work is performed in a factory, and not in the workman's home, the sabotage directed against the goods produced, may also be extended to the machinery and tools used in the process.

And here we have only to remind you of the sensation caused in bourgeois circles a couple of years ago when they learned that railwaymen with a penny-worth of a certain ingredient¹ were able to put a locomotive entirely out of action.²

Another correspondent, in a later communication, appeals to the account of an interview with M. Latapie, the Secretary of the Federal Union of Metalworkers. Unfortunately neither the name of the newspaper nor date is given, but there can be no reason to doubt the accuracy of the citation. M. Latapie said:

As for us, since the employers are determined upon war, we are prepared to meet them, and we expect to win.

To secure victory we have only to have recourse to our policy of sabotage. But with regard to this phrase, I must add a word of explanation. For by "sabotage" we do not mean that we intend, as is commonly believed, to damage the machinery and tools. No, the workmen will do their sabotage (*saboteront*) without destruction of property. They need not do any more than take it easy. They will pretend to be working hard, but will in fact turn out very little. They will simply potter over their job as much as possible.

This is the sabotage of the present day; its employment entails no risk and is within the reach of all, whatever may be the trade concerned. So far as regards the use of the materials required for every kind of building operation, nothing more will be necessary than to use them wastefully to the utmost of our power, but always without directly spoiling them or making away with them, in order to be safe from the severe enactments of the penal code.³

In a later issue we have another quotation, apparently from the same anarchist, M. Emile Pouget,⁴ in which he says:

The development of the theory of sabotage is inevitable; it all comes to this, "for bad wages, bad work." And "bad work"

¹ This seems to refer to the use of emery-powder injected into the bearings and other more delicate parts of machinery.

² *L'Intermédiaire*, 10th May, 1906, Vol. LIII., p. 718.

³ *Ibid.*, 30th May, 1906, Vol. LIII., p. 824.

⁴ M. Emile Pouget was the joint author with M. Emile Pataud of *Syndicalism and the Co-operative Commonwealth; How we shall bring about Revolution*, which was translated into English in 1913 with a foreword by Tom Mann and a preface by Prince Kropotkin.

means not only slow and lazy work, but work that is bad in every sense of the term.¹

It seems quite clear from these quotations that *sabotage* originally meant nothing more than the "scamping" of work. Littré in 1869 gives as the popular meaning of *saboter*, "faire vite et mal," but he does not recognize the term *sabotage* in the sense it now bears in the vocabulary of the revolutionary or the anarchist. Consequently we find in a later issue of the *Intermédiaire* a protest against the use of the same word to denote the wilful damage of plant. "In good French," a purist urges, "*saboté* means no more than a job which is quickly and badly done." To this another correspondent replies that, without denying the fact that this was the original meaning, "it is very natural to extend this signification to all work that is maliciously scamped, and from this to the act which spoils or destroys any kind of merchandise or machinery."²

It would seem, then, from this investigation that there is no foundation for the suggestion put forward in *Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary* of 1919 that the word sabotage has to do with the chairs or shoes (*sabots*) by which the rails are secured to the sleepers on a railway track. How it happened that *saboter* in popular language came to mean to do work badly and quickly, or, as we say, to scamp it, does not clearly appear. It may be that a *sabot* was always regarded as a clumsy form of footwear, and that consequently *saboter* was treated as a term of depreciation. Our own word "cobble" is often used metaphorically with a somewhat analogous signification. But if we look in the early seventeenth century French-English dictionary of Cotgrave, we shall find that at that period the first meaning attached to *sabot* is a child's top, and that *saboter* is defined by Cotgrave as "to play at top or whip a top." From this the meaning might easily arise of trifling with work or neglecting it, and in point of fact this solution is suggested by one of the contributors to the *Intermédiaire*. But it seems impossible to carry the inquiry to any quite satisfactory conclusion.

H.T.

¹ *L'Intermédiaire*, 20th May, 1907, Vol. LV., p. 771.

² *Ibid.*, 1910, Vol. LXI., pp. 428, 542.

THE ENGLISH COCKSHY: A RELIC OF A PASSION PLAY?

THERE is no question here of cock-fighting or cock-whipping, but only of throwing at "coxxs."¹ The particular form of cock-baiting described here is called in the "Babees Boke," "schotyng at cok"—which sounds Lancashire-like. It was a Shrovetide pastime enormously popular all over England, and said to have been played on a grand scale for the last time at Isleworth, Middlesex, in 1791.

With the help of back numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the famous antiquary, John Brand (1777), in his "Observations on Popular Antiquities of Great Britain"—a work inadequately utilized by the editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, *s.v.* "cock"—has re-dressed the stage on the village green and shown how the gruesome game was played.

A cock was tethered loosely to a stake. The missiles which were supposed to be aimed at its legs were broomsticks. A good shot brought down the bird, which became the perquisite of the shooter. Sometimes the poor creature limped away more or less disabled out of the danger zone and found sanctuary for a while. Occasionally the cock-shy was turned into a hen-shy, whence the sporting phrase "thrashing the fat hen." Under the painful operation, a certain hen found utterance in human speech, as is gravely recorded in a publication of the middle of the eighteenth century, called "A strange and wonderful Relation of a Hen that spake."

It has been thought by some that the ancient cockshy of England was intended to be a manifestation of Francophobia. *Gallus* means either a "Frenchman" or a "cock," and the severe treatment of the latter was supposed to symbolize the awful fate that awaited the French invader of Britain. There is a grave anachronism here. The game is far too old for the hypothesis. Besides, it was in full swing among French lads early in the thirteenth century and passed from the French to the English shore.

Brand is near the mark when he says:

The barbarous practice of throwing at a cock tied to a stake at Shrovetide, I think I have read, has an allusion to the indig-

¹ Nobody need shy at this good old duplicated or triplicated plural which is a variant on "Cokkes" and no funnier than the old plural "faulx," from "fas" or "face," which was once the French for the *gallus domesticus*, imported long ago from the East into Europe.

nities offered by the Jews to the Saviour of the World before His crucifixion.

Here indeed is scope for thought and research. In the New Testament narratives of the Passion there is a Greek construction which is generally taken to mean that the Temple-police of Jerusalem struck our Blessed Lord with the batons or truncheons which were a part of their normal equipment. At the time of the Passion, the head of this important body of men was Annas, who was certainly not High Priest but only the *Segad* or what we should call the "Chief Constable," or better, "the Chief Commissioner of Police." It was before this old man that evidence of the arrest of Jesus was given. This preliminary over, Caiaphas, the true High Priest of that year, took charge of the case, but stripped as he was by the Romans of all power to pass capital sentence, he had to wait for the opening of Pilate's Court before his murderous design could be accomplished. It was during this long interval that the assaults on our Lord were at their worst.

The verb *βάλλω* necessarily signifies that the weapons wherewith He was struck were discharged as missiles *from* and not held *in* the hands of the holders. Liddell and Scott emphasize this distinction, though they add a few examples that at first sight look like exceptions to this well-known rule. On closer examination it will be found that neither in Classical nor in Biblical Greek is there any departure from the radical meaning of *βάλλω* as throwing *at* something. The inference seems inevitable—Jesus Christ our Lord was shot at with staves after the manner of the revellers in the old English Carnival.

The objection to this theory of relationship between the indignities offered to Jesus and the cruel sport of the cockshy is obvious. The technical meaning of a Greek phrase could hardly have been known to the patrons of a rough Shrove-tide performance in England or anywhere else.

The truth seems to me to be that we have in the English cockshy a floating fragment and a corrupt and mutilated version of a very early Passion Play.

In the thirteenth century this Play started its long and troubled life in a most decorous and edifying way in Benedictbeurn in Bavaria. Throughout the two following centuries it spread rapidly through Germany and the Continent, and finally found a footing in England. The germs of cor-

ruption developed acutely in presence of what seemed to be at first sight an innocent chronological change. The holy Play was removed from Passiontide, and, to its ruin, set down in the midst of what was then pre-eminently the licentious season of the Carnival. The Church denounced the unholy association of sacred themes with the orgies of self-indulgence. Then came the German, Swiss and English Reformers, who protested against the profanation and mutilation of Biblical narratives which in parts of England fell to the level of some of the grossest versions of "Robin Hood." Under this double enfilade the Passion Play fell into desuetude and disgrace except in its cradle in Bavaria and a few other favoured spots in Europe.

It is quite possible that one dramatic episode of the debased Passion Play caught on swiftly and flourished exceedingly in England. It was the scene of Peter's denial of his Master. It is easy to see how the undisciplined imagination of the masses would come to establish a causal relation between the cock-crow and the fall of the Apostle. Peter had been long forgiven, but the case of the cock that had "caused" the tragedy would still be *sub judice*. The original bird being out of reach, its later representative must die under a volley of sticks.

A tradition of no very remote date, but apparently a faithful one, has been preserved by Brand in a distich which precluded, in a sort of chant, the execution of the guilty cock.

May'st thou be punished for St. Peter's crime,
And on Shrove Tuesday perish in thy prime.

At Isleworth and Pinner and many other places the cock-slayers had fulfilled part of their "Easter duties," that is had been to confession at Shrovetide to prepare for the coming penitential season of Lent. On the afternoon, evening and night of Shrove Tuesday they had their unregenerate fling, which stopped abruptly on Ash Wednesday morning. It was not to ease any spiritual tension that the newly-shriven went from the parish church to the unequal battle with cocks and hens on the common. Psychological considerations are here out of place. It was Shrovetide. That was all. Two laws on different planes had to be kept, the law of the Catholic Church and the law of the national recreation, ruthless indeed in our eyes but for merrie England a glorious game.

At the coming of the Puritans and long after, this amuse-

ment, which is one of the many ancestors of our "Aunt Sally," went merrily on. The birds continued to fall and the pious Puritans to let fly at them.

It need hardly be said that Ober Ammergau has kept the earliest and best traditions of the Passion Play intact and undefiled. But even here there are mistakes which go to show how careful even the best Catholics should be in their interpretation of the history of the Passion. Simple as it looks it is full of pitfalls. It is difficult for Christians to gauge the mingled scorn and indignation of Jews when they see *two* High Priests, Annas and Caiaphas, strutting the stage together. Dr. Epstein, the famous Jewish sculptor, saw the Play in October of this year, and noted the conjunction with pardonable derision.¹ The anomaly which still survives among Catholic critics is based on a grave misinterpretation of Luke iii. 2. The real explanation seems to be outlined in the above remarks on Annas and his place in the Passion. To the Jews, two High Priests jointly holding the same post, even under the Roman occupation, are as impossible as two lawful Popes reigning together in or out of Rome. The High Priest was *ha-kohen*, i.e., "the Priest," one and indivisible. The family "deal" in the case of Annas and Caiaphas consisted in their taking turn about year by year.

M. POWER.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA AND NEO-SCHOLASTICISM.

IN the Supplementary Volumes to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* recently issued, the article on Philosophy is written by Dr. A. E. Taylor, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's. It is a brief survey of philosophical tendencies and progress since the last edition of the *Encyclopedia*, which we do not propose to discuss in this Note, but it contains a short paragraph on the Neo-Thomist movement highly interesting to Catholics. The Professor, after commending two books dealing with Thomism—that of E. Gilson of Strassburg and Professor Wicksteed's—goes on:

The appearance of works like this last leads one to hope that it might seem impossible for the average historian of philosophy

¹ See his able article on Ober Ammergau in the *Jewish Chronicle*, 27th Oct., 1922.

among us to write as though nothing of any significance had been thought or said in philosophy between Plotinus (or even Aristotle) and Descartes.

Catholics will be grateful for an acknowledgement of this sort from one who is alienated from the traditions of the Church, for they have always protested against the damage done to philosophy by the studied ignoring of the great scholastics. But the Professor himself in the space at his disposal could hardly do justice to the growth of neo-scholasticism in recent years, and his summary paragraph may be usefully extended and supplemented.

Without, therefore, inquiring in detail into the various tendencies of neo-scholasticism we may venture to state briefly the actual outstanding features of this philosophical movement in its modern aspect. In Italy, the famous "Collegium Angelicum" is illuminated by the teaching of two great masters, Father Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., the author of "Dieu," an original exposition of the philosophical teaching of the Church, and Father Pègues (actually the Head of the Theological College of St. Maximin, Var, and editor of the *Revue Thomiste*), who is publishing a voluminous "Commentaire Litteral de la Somme Theologique," where the article "De Bello" will be found of especial interest. The "Rivista Neo-Scholastica" gathers a zealous school under its editor, Padre Gemelli. And in the last Italian edition of his "Modern Philosophy," Professor Ruggiero devotes eighteen pages to neo-scholasticism.

In France, neo-scholasticism is developed in the *Universités Libres* of Paris, Lyons, Toulouse and Lille, which are recognized by the Government as institutions of university rank, without power, however, of conferring State degrees. The "Institut Catholique de Paris" is led by eminent philosophers such as the Abbé Sertillanges, an authority in ethics and social economy, and Professor Maritain. The *Revue de Philosophie*, edited by the Rev. Father Peillaube, is the official organ of the Faculty of Philosophy of the Institute. At the Sorbonne, mediæval studies have been illustrated by Professor Picavet, who died last year (*cf. Mind*, October, 1921), and his successor M. Gilson, who has been recently transferred to Paris from Strassburg.

In Belgium, the Catholic University of Louvain, under the leadership of the great Cardinal Mercier, has a group

of brilliant mediævalists such as Mgr. Deploige, Noël, Nys, and De Wulf, the editor of the *Revue Neo-Scholastique*. The Dominican Fathers of Kain publish a quarterly *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques*, which is unique for its up-to-date and very accurate philosophical information.

We hardly need say that Switzerland, Spain, Poland, Austria, and Germany especially have a very large share in the output of philosophical literature in the scholastic tradition, which characterizes our age.

In America, a department of mediæval philosophy has recently been organized in Harvard University, but it confines its activity to historical research. We may mention too the well-developed essay of J. Royce on the bearings of Pope Leo's Encyclical "Aeterni Patris," edited in his "Essays."

In the English Universities, mediæval philosophy is merely considered as a branch of the history of civilization in the middle ages; although in Ireland, scholastic philosophy is taught in all the Catholic colleges, and even in the Presbyterian College of Belfast which forms part of the National University. We must mention, moreover, the impetus given to the old philosophy by the English translation of the "Summa Theologica" by the Dominican Fathers, Father Joseph Rickaby's great folio version of the *Contra Gentiles*, the very popular Stonyhurst "Manuals of Philosophy," and the influence of the scholastic atmosphere in the philosophical articles appearing from time to time in *THE MONTH*, *Blackfriars*, *Studies* and the *Dublin Review*. Furthermore, the University of London has authorized the Dominican Fathers to lecture on St. Thomas Aquinas and to issue a special certificate, each year, after an examination to the students attending those lectures.

These are facts which Professor Taylor's article was compelled to ignore but which no Catholic or other student should be unaware of.

We may add that under the editorship of Professor Hearnshaw has been recently published an interesting book, *Mediæval Contributions to Modern Civilization*, which is intended to give a very broad outline of the main ideas of mediæval civilization. Professor Carr's article therein on "Philosophy" would have gained by being more substantial and critical. He gives no account, even of an elementary character, of the teaching of Albertus Magnus, a forerunner of the Renaissance, of S. Thomas Aquinas, of Duns Scot, and

of Ockham. And yet it is in their writings that is to be found the very cause of the growth and evolution of modern philosophy.

The present writer may be excused for mentioning that he is preparing a critical translation of St. Thomas, "De Ente et Essentia," which will be the first volume of a proposed series of "Selected Texts of Mediæval Philosophy."

THOMAS GREENWOOD.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**Father Bernard
Vaughan.**

The "press-sensation" caused by the death of Father Bernard Vaughan on October 31st was a measure of his prominence in the public eye. That is all that impresses the journalist and, so long as they are "prominent," his *flair* is aroused indifferently by saint or sinner. Virtue alone will not get you into the press, especially virtue of the fugitive and cloister'd sort despised by Milton. "Behold how the just man dieth and none considereth." But, on this occasion, the press, to do it justice, did somewhat consider, and, though its standards were generally vague and inconsistent, recognized that Father Vaughan was not merely a great preacher but also a good man. The Catholic papers naturally furnished a fuller and deeper appreciation of his character. He had long been a protagonist of the Faith, and his fearless advocacy had done much to win for Catholicism something more than the contemptuous tolerance which used to be the general English attitude, once active persecution dropped out of fashion. Probably no Catholic priest of his generation had so attracted the attention of the world, both in Europe and America, simply by force of personality and eloquence, and without any help from ecclesiastical rank. His experience was world-wide; few can have spoken so constantly or addressed such varied audiences as he did in his prime. And withal success and fame did nothing to spoil his essentially simple nature. Amongst his brethren he was conspicuous only for his frankness and absence of conceit: his inexhaustible fund of stories was always to be drawn on at demand, and even repetition failed to diminish the charm of their telling. No one, without a vast amount of self-conquest, could have been so uniformly equable and accessible and friendly. His public utterances and his championship of unpopular causes made him the target of every bigot and crank, and his post often conveyed more abuse than commendation, but he had learnt to suffer fools gladly and his equanimity was undisturbed. His one interest in life was the spread of the Faith and all was subordinated

to that. His career is a striking example of what an honest straightforward Catholic can do, if behind the eloquence of the word there is that which preserves it from being mere tinkling brass or sounding cymbal—close union with God and a selfless zeal for His glory.¹

The Election and Democracy.

After the General Election four years ago we commented, as critics of our electoral system, on the undemocratic result which placed a Government in power with the colossal majority of 249 whereas only one quarter of the electorate voted for it, and nearly half of the actual voters were opposed to it. The results of the recent General Election are still more anomalous from the purely democratic point of view, which supposes that voters elect representatives more or less in proportion to their numbers. Owing to the variety of parties and the numbers of single-member constituencies, many voters must needs go unrepresented in the new Parliament. As a matter of fact the Conservative total of 344 can claim as support only 5,800,000 odd votes, whilst the votes cast for the other parties amount to 9,000,000 odd, and 4,000,000 of the electorate did not vote at all. Again, the combined Liberal vote is slightly in excess of that cast for Labour, yet Labour has 27 more seats. Finally, in Birmingham, all the twelve seats were held by Conservatives, yet Labour received more than half the votes cast. Clearly, then, it is only by ignoring results and figures such as these that one can speak, as so many papers do, of "a decisive national verdict." The outcome is not a clear manifestation of the predominant political tendencies of the country, but reflects rather the somewhat vague issues that were put before the voters. Our electoral system has again shown how much it needs reform.

Reform of the Electoral System.

The abolition of single-member constituencies should be the first step, for the present system may mean that nearly half the electorate goes unrepresented. As we Catholics are in a permanent minority in this country and cannot at present secure our fair representation in Parliament, any system which works out more equitably should meet our support. Just as the Government itself is the result of a minority vote, no fewer than 179 members of all parties, including the Prime Minister, also owe their seats to a split-vote.² A great many votes are wasted, *i.e.*,

¹ We may recommend as a memorial of the great preacher the funeral sermon preached by Fr. Bampton and published with an excellent portrait by Messrs. Sands (2d.).

² A correspondent to *The Times* analyses the minority returns, which he reckons at 175, as follows: Conservative victories 83, Labour 53, Liberal 19. Nat. Liberal 10,—so that on a balance Conservatives and non-Conservatives are practically equal. But still in the constituencies the majority remains much under-represented.

do not give effect to the purpose of the elector, and various systems have been elaborated to obviate this defect, and thus make Parliament more completely representative. The best-known, one which is in use in Ireland and the Continent and also in University elections for Parliament in this country, is called the system of Proportional Representation. We may remember that P.R. was unanimously recommended by the Speaker's Conference set up by Mr. Asquith in 1916, for all densely populated areas, and the use of the Alternative Vote—a device to secure that the candidate in a single-member constituency shall receive a clear majority—for the rest. But P.R. is anathema to the Party Machine. The caucus cannot work it. It renders useless the secret party funds, the sale of honours, the hired press and all the fungus of corruption that sprouts on the present system. And so the recommendations of the Speaker's Conference were turned down except in the case of the Universities, and the old system allowed to continue with the old result. Commendably anxious about the welfare of minorities in Ireland, Parliament insisted on P.R. being embodied in the Home Rule Act of 1914,¹ but so far, the liberties of English and Scottish minorities are not protected.

**P.R. in
Germany.**

Germany, that militarist autocratic country, has gone far ahead of us in this needful reform. A system of representation is at work there far simpler and more effective than elsewhere in the world. A quota having been fixed by dividing the number of probable voters by the number of seats desired, polling takes place for the different party candidates, and seats are assigned in strict proportion to the number of quotas contained in the several party votes in each constituency. The remainders are combined with those of the same electoral province, and, if numerous enough, additional members may be secured. Finally the province remainders are similarly combined and seats assigned according to quotas to candidates on *national* lists prepared by each party.² Thus all votes are utilized except the final small remainders, and there is not that somewhat perplexing and elaborate system of transferring votes which deters many, at least to start with, from giving the ordinary system of P.R. their careful attention. Yet even those who are content with the result of the old system in the late election and its predecessor should reflect that the tables may be turned in some subsequent appeal to the people, and a party pledged to drastic changes in our political and industrial systems be placed in power by a minority

¹ It is this known effect of P.R. which makes its recent abolition by the Orange Parliament, for municipal elections, so gravely ominous.

² See for a fuller explanation "The German System of Proportional Representation" by M. Cronin in *Studies*, September, 1922.

vote. Whatever one may think of democracy in practice, there is always danger when a large section of the electorate is deprived of adequate constitutional representation. The spectre of "Direct Action" will never in such circumstances be laid to rest.

**Labour in the
new
Parliament.**

After the 1906 Election Labour, a practically new portent, appeared in the House of Commons about fifty strong, a number which was slightly reduced in the two subsequent Parliaments. In 1918 the party grew to 63, and, by by-elections, to nearly 70. In the present House that number is more than doubled. An election map shows that this representation comes nearly entirely from the great industrial areas—the coalfields of North and South Wales, of the Midlands, Lancashire and Yorkshire, of Northumberland and Scotland, showing that, naturally enough, Labour has been elected by the working-class. In this lies the significance and the menace of the new party. It may transfer with greater intensity to politics the struggle between Capital and Labour which already prevails in economics. With doubtful wisdom, leading men of both the older parties stressed this danger in their election speeches, and thus almost invited the Labour party, which is now the official Opposition, to consider itself an alien body in the nation's Parliament. No doubt the programme which that party put forth has items that might be made subversive of society as it stands, but on the surface it contains nothing that is necessarily contrary to Christian morality or the principles of justice. Doubtless, again, there are extremists in the party who are "out to smash" the existing capitalist system, but the party's policy should not be judged by the wild and irresponsible utterances of a few. Its programme need not be taken as socialistic. It is far better frankly to recognize that those who now represent Labour, many of whom by birth and education are not members of the working class, are as interested in their country's welfare as are their political opponents, and know as well as they the evils of class legislation. To assume that the Opposition is bent on narrow class interests is to provoke the evil dreaded. The presence of so large a body of Labour members in the House gives a golden opportunity for the reconciliation of the "Two Nations," whose dissensions in the midst of the body politic have been the age-long cause of weakness and misery.

**Suggested Levy
on
Capital.**

People praised the honesty, but derided the political sagacity, of the Labour Party, which boldly proclaimed "a capital levy" as one of the planks of their platform. For weeks past the heavy guns of Capitalism have been bombarding that par-

tical economic policy, in the columns of *The Times* and other papers, and if ever a case could be exploded by exhaustive and radical criticism, the case for the levy is such. There is more unanimity amongst experts than there was three years ago when the matter was debated in the Press, but few writers, as far as we can see, raise objection on the score of justice. The principle of taxation according to capacity is one which is recognized in the graduated scale of income-tax: those who have a larger stake in the country may rightly be called upon to pay more for the security of their holdings. Again, if the State has a right to tax income for the common welfare, it has also the right, if the common welfare demands it, to tax capital. As the Prime Minister said just five years ago (November 17, 1917):

The question of whether or not there should be conscription of wealth is entirely a matter of expediency, and I think it a matter which concerns mainly, not the working classes, but the people who have money. In my opinion it is simply a question of whether it will pay them best, and pay the country best, to have a general capital levy and reduce the National Debt as far as you can, or have it continued for fifty years as a constant burden of taxation.

And then, at any rate, Mr. Bonar Law, though disclaiming expert knowledge, felt that a reduction of debt by a levy on capital would pay better in the long run, both the wealthy classes and the country.

**The Character
of the
National Debt.**

The position is that whereas the war cost us on an average between five and six million pounds a day, the subsequent peace is costing us nearly one million a day, and unless the debt of £6,000,000,000 can be somehow reduced that crushing burden will press upon the country for ever. The peculiarity about the National Debt, as Mr. Belloc, with his usual lucidity, has pointed out,¹ is that the Government, not having any productive enterprise of its own from the profits of which it might pay the interest, is obliged to satisfy its creditors by funds drawn from the general resources of the community. Thus it can mortgage the future to an indefinite extent, whilst in the present it repays the comparatively few who are wealthy enough to have lent it money, by taxes levied on the citizens as a whole. And so, though the bulk of the money remains in the country—we are supposing foreign bond-holders not to be very numerous—it is periodically taken from the whole body of taxpayers and, less the cost of collection and distribution, returned to a much smaller number, who may, or may not, use it to promote production. If the National

¹ Continuation of *Lingard's History* (pp. 59—61).

Debt disappeared to-morrow, the Government annuitants would lose their yearly share of the £350,000,000 distributed in its service, and the taxes which produce that sum could be abolished. All therefore are interested in any scheme which promises to reduce the dead weight of the debt, and lighten the taxation required for it.

**National Debt
must somehow be
reduced.**

The Capital Levy is not unknown in English history. It was one of the Norman monarchs, we believe, who used to say to reluctant Jews: "Your money or your teeth," but later kings also fleeced their wealthy subjects by forced gifts called "Benevolences." And the principle is in active operation to-day in the form of Death Duties. We may remember that shortly after the war, a war which, while it impoverished the country as a whole, made some people immensely rich,¹ a man of wealth, hoping to stimulate the profiteers, who had made fortunes out of the nation's extremity, into making a voluntary levy, announced in *The Times*² that he had given one-fifth of his estate—£120,000—to the Government in relief of taxation. Alas! for human avarice. Not a single profiteer responded, and only one member of his own class several months later (January 10th) made a similar gift, whilst a single poor man who by a lifetime of saving had amassed £10,000, also made a noble sacrifice of one-fifth of *his* substance to his country's need. And so, we may conclude that a voluntary levy is beyond any reasonable expectation. If the National Debt is to be reduced the State, which freely conscripted human life in its own defence during the war, must exercise its right for the common benefit to conscript wealth. The economists and financiers have shown many ways in which this *cannot* be done without destroying credit and so lessening wealth. They have pointed out the enormous and immediate evils which would follow the taxation of capital. No one has set his mind to discover how a Government in need could raise money except by taxation, whether, for instance, markets would be disturbed and credit shaken if the Exchequer assumed a certain proportion of the scrip in railways, mines, shipping, brewing, etc., now held by corporations or in private hands. Meanwhile the most hopeful suggestion we have seen is that the revenue from Death Duties which averages yearly between 30 and 40 million pounds, and is slowly growing, should be altogether applied to the redemption of debt. It would thus be halved in less than 100 years.

¹ "Some 340,000 people became richer, directly or indirectly through the war, and the aggregate amount of their wealth is said to be £3,000,000,000."—Statement of Chairman of War Wealth Committee.

² June 24, 1919: see subsequent correspondence, headed "Richesse Oblige."

**Unemployment
the most
Pressing Question.**

The first right of the individual is to existence. The Church teaches that the laws of property are non-existent in face of a man's extreme need. He may take without fault what he requires to sustain life. But obviously those in need cannot be left to help themselves, and so the State recognizes their right by providing out of the public funds a subsistence-grant for the property-less unemployed. Society, indeed, is bound to do so, as long as it tolerates an industrial system which leaves individuals solely dependent for livelihood on their actual labour. Now the number of registered unemployed on November 13th was 1,377,100, and to these must be added a large number of unregistered, and a still larger crowd—some three million—of dependents. The burden of their support costs nearly £50,000,000 a year or a million a week, one-third of which sum comes, with the State's contribution, from the Workers' Insurance Scheme, and the remainder from rates and taxes. Trade Union funds also help in the case of organized Labour.¹ There is something grievously wrong in a system whereby such a large section of the population cannot live without help, and are always in a precarious state. The new Government is faced with the problem at the very start, and public attention, which needs stimulation, is called to it by the ominous presence in London of thousands of hunger-marchers and the threatened invasion of more. The late Ministry, hampered by commitments in every direction, only tinkered at the problem. No attempt has been made to consider the question of the capitalist system as at present worked, nor to determine how to secure work for those who have nothing but work to maintain them. Perhaps of the schemes suggested by individuals that which was strongly advocated by Sir Lynden Macassey in *The Times* (October 31) of "making each industry bear its own casualties" by industrial insurance has the most promise of success. But nothing substantial can be gained until, by co-operation and profit-sharing, the industrial system is so modified that the "proletariat" ceases to exist.

**The Turk
at
Lausanne.**

Of all our foes during the war Turkey was the most ignoble. It had entered the combination against us inspired by no ideals: it owed, if anything, more gratitude to Great Britain, which had saved it from extinction in the past, than to any other Power: it fought with arms and resources supplied from without: its armies were drilled by aliens: it was the first to capitulate and leave the sinking ship. The measure of the mismanagement of that result by the Allies is seen to-day, when this small

¹ *The Times* for October, 1920, states that a Committee on Public Assistance computed that now the annual sum required for various forms of national relief is £286,000,000, as against about £25,000,000 in 1891.

bankrupt nation is seated in council with its conquerors, making demands instead of obeying orders, and, owing to the clash of material interests amongst its foes, re-establishing itself on European soil. It has done so by means of arms supplied by Europeans, a constructive act of treason against Christian civilization. And now to satisfy its claims the barbarous expedient of clearing Eastern Thrace of its Christian inhabitants has been sanctioned by the Christian Powers: thousands of families have been driven from their possessions so that over a million homeless and starving refugees are assembled along the seaboard of Northern Greece. These unfortunates, by our arrangement, are suffering in peace the iniquitous process of deportation which was supposed to mark the limit of German cruelty during the war. Whatever be the further outcome of the Lausanne Conference, enough has already been done to cause the Christian nations to hang their heads in shame. And amongst them we do not hesitate to include the United States of America. Their official withdrawal from responsibility in regard to the Turkish problem has done more harm to the cause of Christianity than their wonderful display of private generosity has done good. The latest news that they are returning to a better sense of what the peace of the world demands, and claiming a voice in the Turkish settlement, is more cheering. And the fact that the new Turkish menace is uniting once more in friendly alliance the quarrelsome Balkan States may be regarded as a set-off to our failure to purge Europe of Turkish rule.

France
and
Germany.

It was a wise philosopher who said that one should always treat one's enemy as if he were later to become one's friend. Even when at variance with people we should avoid giving them unnecessary or irremediable cause of offence. It is in this spirit that, looking forward to the days when Europe shall be at peace, we have deprecated anything that fomented racial hatred or implies inevitable hostility between various peoples. There is only one war in which there can be neither submission nor compromise nor truce—the war between good and evil. Thus we have frequently expressed a hope that those two great nations, France and Germany, who must ultimately be friends if peace is to return to Europe at all, should begin to act now in the light of that prospect, and abstain in regard to each other from all that savours of bitterness or contempt. France, although the reparation of the devastated areas is certainly due to her, must recognize that the German people, especially the young generations, have never been convinced that they were responsible for the war, and that to expect professions of sorrow from those who are innocent in their own repute is a psychological mistake. That

imperviousness to what seem obvious facts may be difficult for us to conceive, who have studied the philosophy of Prussianism, and seen it faithfully reflected in the aims and acts of the Kaiser's Government, but it too *is* a fact, and must be reckoned with. The Germans will pay reparations with reluctance, not precisely as a debt of justice but because they have been worsted in the war. And they will continue to resent what seems a gratuitous insult, the garrisoning of the French sphere of occupation by black troops. Quite recently the British Government prohibited a London prize-fight between a black boxer and a white, on the reasonable ground that the prestige of the white races throughout the Empire might be impaired by the result. It is dangerous to court unnecessarily any exhibition of superiority of black over white. M. Clemenceau has been telling the Americans first, that those troops were merely set over the Germans to allow French soldiers a period of rest, and, secondly, that they have now been withdrawn. We shall be delighted should the latter assertion prove correct. The French have not the same feeling in regard to the black races as other white folk have, which is one reason why they make excellent colonial administrators—but it is not unreasonable to suggest that they should try to make allowance for that other point of view.

It has been of great encouragement to us to note that our consistent efforts to promote peace on the Continent, particularly between those nations in whose hands the welfare of Europe chiefly rests, has met with cordial appreciation from a noted French publication, *La Démocratie*, the organ controlled by M. Marc Sangnier, which was at pains in its issue of June 25th to set forth our attitude in detail as one thoroughly consonant with the spirit of Catholicism, and to commend it to the Catholics of France.

<p>A New Development of the C.E.G.</p>	<p>The Catholic Evidence Guild is making very satisfactory progress throughout the country. Miss Ward in Manchester has been engaged for some time in organizing the Guild there, and lately a still more interesting development, one pregnant with great possibilities, is reported from the same diocese. At the suggestion of the Master of the Guild in Westminster some of the older boys at Stonyhurst College are being trained with a view to open-air speaking, later on, in defence and furtherance of the Faith. It is felt that to put off such training until the boys are already at the Universities or engaged in business or in the professions would be quite an unnecessary waste of time, whilst, on the other hand, the practice afforded by their debating society can here and now be turned to good account. According to this plan, the Stonyhurst boys have their own special instructor and</p>
---	---

board of examiners, and will receive diplomas of efficiency in regular course. Their large covered playground has been found admirably suited for voice training, and we may be certain that their comrades joyfully fulfil the functions of "hecklers." The Cardinal Archbishop, we are told, cordially approves of the plan, and will recognize as speakers qualified for Westminster those Stonhurst boys who have received from their College diplomas for proficiency in doctrine and oratory. No nobler ideal can well be set before youth than this use of natural or acquired talents in spreading the Gospel. "To give a reason for the faith that is in him" is on occasion the duty of every Catholic, and what better occasion can there be than that afforded by those flocks of hungry sheep that, in this land desolated by heresy, "look up and are not fed"? Hitherto, our young Catholics on leaving school have been exhorted to engage in social work with the ultimate aim of preserving and strengthening the faith of those in danger: this is an obvious and most welcome development of the same apostolate.

**Lord Buckmaster
and
Nullity Decrees.**

Nothing shows the unconscious influence of the old blind Protestant tradition more clearly than the readiness with which respectable and responsible men attribute practices and motives to the Catholic Church, which are equivalent to charges of wholesale dishonesty, and involve, not only particular officials, but all educated Catholics, in the same condemnation. Such calumniators are misled by the fallacy of abstraction and, in their denouncing the iniquities of the "Roman Church," do not reflect that they are accusing in the concrete certain definite Roman prelates, and all who know of and condone their practices. Lord Buckmaster, who, with another ex-Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Birkenhead, has attained unenviable notoriety as an assailant of the Christian ideal of matrimony, has lately fallen into this grave offence by accusing the "Roman Catholic Church" of having invented nullity decrees as a means of dissolving unhappy marriages. He has been effectively taken to task by our Catholic weeklies, especially *The Tablet*, which quotes some recent pronouncements of Mgr. Prior, Auditor of the Rota, in regard to the exceeding fewness of nullity decrees and the extreme care exercised in investigating cases.¹ We only wish to point out here the culpable carelessness involved in such declarations as Lord Buckmaster's, and the desperate nature of a cause whose opponents have to sink so low to find arguments in support of it. The same noble lawyer has not scrupled, with the same end in view, to exploit the case of an unfortunate lady whose husband has been

¹ See at greater length *Why Catholics resist Divorce*. By Father Thurston (C.T.S.: 2d.).

pronounced a homicidal maniac and is confined to Broadmoor. The underlying argument is always the same—women cannot be happy unless married: the yoke of continence is intolerable: self-restraint in sexual matters is impossible: marriage is a mere human contract. Truly, "the animal man does not understand the things of the Spirit: to him they are foolishness."

**Medical Science
versus
"Eugenics."**

It is comforting in these days when so many medical men are advocating various forms of "eugenic" immorality, to find an experienced doctor like the Medical Officer of the Aberdeen Education Authority coming out strongly in his Report against the drastic and inhuman methods for preventing the spread of mental deficiency advocated by the Eugenists. This humane physician advocates Local and National Care Committees to help the parents of the feeble-minded to train and educate their children. He sees no necessary connection between race-degeneration and feeble-mindedness, and is strongly averse to preventive segregation as a remedy against *possible* criminal actions on the part of defectives. Dr. George Rose's Report, especially its latter pages, deserves to be widely read and studied.

**The Italian
Revolution.**

To what depths of weakness and inefficiency must Parliamentary Government in Italy have sunk to make possible the growth, spread and dramatic triumph of the "Fascismo" movement under Signor Mussolini! Never in the world's history has there been such a revolution: Cromwell's is no parallel, for that involved desperate violence, a civil war and regicide. In this case a man of the people, formerly a Socialist, asserts by force of character his leadership of a voluntary army which a weak Ministry dared not suppress and could not control, and, when the time was ripe, defies the Government, wins the King's assent and assumes supreme power. And the power claimed *is* supreme—there is that much of Cromwell in Signor Mussolini—for, although he works through Parliamentary forms, he makes no secret of his contempt for Parliament. His speech to the Chamber on Nov. 16th was a masterpiece of audacity in its phrasing, of clear and resolute determination in its policy. The Deputies realized that they were faced by a man, and voted all that he asked. For the moment he rules Italy as a dictator, relying on the suffrages of his 300,000 Fascisti who have put down Socialism by force, but also carried their detestation of workers' associations to such an extent that they have destroyed even legitimate societies such as co-operative institutions, rural unions and the like. There is much in the methods of the Fascisti which is inconsistent with reasonable liberty and the rights of labour. But the Dictator has

begun well. He is not anti-clerical, but recognizes the place and value of religion. He may be able to secure harmony between classes by attacking the abuses of Capitalism as well as those of Communism. He claims above all things to be practical, but even the practical man must have vision, and we can only hope, so far, that Mussolini's vision ranges beyond the material.

**An Organ
of
the C.T.S.**

The news that the C.T.S. is contemplating the issue of a new monthly periodical to its members—to serve as a medium of communication, to report of its progress, to review its publications, to furnish corrections of the ceaseless Press-misrepresentations of the Faith, to provide explanations of Catholic doctrine and practice, to draw up useful information for box-tenders, to advertise its great lending-library, to give news of its Branches—in a word, to express the manifold activities which have marked its recent development—will be welcome to all who recognise what a powerful instrument the Society is, and how much more powerful it may become, for the conversion of this country. Especially in regard to the third statutory aim of the C.T.S.—“To spread amongst non-Catholics information about Catholicism”—do we apprehend a most useful future for the new journal. We have often¹ in these pages called attention to our need of an antidotal publication which should expose and pillory the constant succession of anti-Catholic fables, concerning both past and present, that appear in the daily press and current literature. Our existing Catholic papers labour diligently at this task, but it is not the special business of any one of them. We have nothing corresponding to the *Revue Apologétique* or *Les Nouvelles Religieuses*. Yet half the work of the apologist for the Catholic faith consists in clearing away misapprehensions, and Catholics themselves are often puzzled and irritated by charges which their reading or education has not equipped them to refute. To such the development of this side of Catholic Truth will come as an unmixed boon. It is to be hoped that the financial stringency, which at present limits the Society's output will not prevent the expansion of this most salutary work. Any well-to-do Catholic who should put it beyond the risk of failure would do as much for the Faith, we hardly hesitate to say, as if he had built a church.

THE EDITOR.

¹ See THE MONTH, January, April, June, 1913. June, 1918.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Apocalypse: St. John to the Churches [C. C. Martindale, S.J., in *Homiletic Review*, Oct., 1922, p. 28].

Contingent futures being non-entities not subjects of Divine knowledge [Rev. B. V. Miller in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct. 1922, p. 337].

Fundamental Doctrines, How to distinguish [E. d'Arcy, S.J., in *Homiletic Review*, Oct., 1922, p. 36].

Inspiration [Abbot Ford in *Downside Review*, July, 1922, p. 78].

Spiritualism, The Church and [Civiltà Cattolica, Nov. 18, 1922, p. 302].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anti-Clericalism in France: M. Painlevé and the Soldier-clergy [*Catholic Times*, Nov. 18, 1922, p. 9].

Buckmaster's, Lord, Divorce fallacies [*Tablet*, Nov. 18, 25, 1922, pp. 657, 688: L. Vincent in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 18, 1922, p. 9: H. Somerville in *Christian Democrat*, Dec., 1922, p. 1].

Catholic Church, The, in Scotland [Prof. Phillimore in *Dublin Review*, Oct.-Dec., 1922, p. 183].

Dual System of Education, Defence of, against Mr. Leslie's attack [W. O'Dea in *Times Educational Supplement*, Nov. 11, 1922].

Eddyism [James Martin in *Catholic World*, Nov., 1922, p. 189].

Green's Short History, Protestant bias of [S. H. Simcoe in *Catholic Gazette*, Nov., 1922, p. 286].

Intolerance in America, History of [M. Schriver in *America*, August 26, 1922, p. 443].

Nullity Decrees. Defence of the Rota [Mgr. Prior, quoted in *Documentation Catholique*, Nov. 18, 1922, p. 949].

Reunion, Fallacies about [Fr. Rope in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 18, 1922, p. 7].

Revelation and Science [A. L. Cortie, S.J., in *Month*, Dec., 1922, p. 481].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Czecho-Slovakia, The Church in [J. Ryan, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov., 1922, p. 494].

Democratic Government outlined in St. Thomas [E. F. Murphy, S.S.J., in *Catholic World*, Sept., 1922, p. 746].

Economic Theories which consecrate Avarice [H. Somerville in *Christian Democrat*, Nov., 1922, p. 1].

Population and Prophylaxis [Mgr. Brown and L. de Alberti in *Dublin Review*, Oct.-Dec., 1922, p. 245].

Religious Instruction should begin with Gospels rather than Catechism [Mgr. Landrieux in *Revue Apologétique*, Oct. 15, 1922, p. 65].

Scripture Mis-quotations [J. A. Murphy, D.D., in *Homiletic Review*, Nov., 1922, p. 129].

"Social Hygiene" as part of Education [Prof. C. Jordan in *Revue Apologétique*, Nov. 1, 1922, p. 129].

Vaughan, Fr. Bernard, Appreciation of [J. Boubée in *Etudes*, Nov. 20, 1922, p. 479].

War, Moral evils of [E. Christitch in *Blackfriars*, Nov., 1922, p. 473].

REVIEWS

I—THE INCARNATION¹

WE have much pleasure in welcoming a scholastic text-book of dogmatic theology from the New World, one sign among many others that the Church of the United States is falling into line with that of the older nations. Many of the older stocks have given it of their best, and if the pressing needs of rapid expansion compel attention and devotion to practical work, we doubt not that as time goes on ecclesiastical learning will also derive much profit from the intellectual labours of the lecturers in the seminaries and universities. The English-speaking world, needless to say, stands most to gain, and indeed has already gained much, but we are far from grudging Latin work to the Church at large.

This is an excellent book of its kind. The matters to be treated are clearly mapped out and clearly dealt with; it is easy to follow the argument in the serviceable Latin style employed by the author. No small part of the praise, indeed, must go to the Loyola University Press, for the printing has been skilfully executed; the arrangement of the paragraphs and variation of the founts of type are admirable, and show an intelligent co-operation between the author and the printers.

If we judge the book to be good, we should also like to see it better, not merely in degree, but also to some extent in kind; if we congratulate the author upon taking up a position among our scholastic theologians, we should be still more glad to see him beginning, if we may put it so, where they leave off. Having delivered our mind already upon this subject in a review of Father Beraza's mighty tomes in THE MONTH for March, 1921, it may be enough here briefly to apply what was there said. If we were criticizing the work simply as a scholastic text-book, we should hold that it should furnish a practical introduction to what St. Thomas has written on the subject. But we do not really believe that a single

¹ *Institutiones Dogmaticae in usum scholarum*, auctore Bernardo Otten, S.J.; *Tomus III: De Verbo Incarnato, De Beata Virgine Maria, De Cultu Sanctorum*. Loyola University Press, Chicago. Pp. xiv. 470. Price, \$3.50 net. 1922.

author should be responsible for a whole course of dogmatic theology; it is almost inconceivable that his work should be sufficiently thorough.

Père de la Taille's *Mysterium Fidei* has now set a brilliant example how to master and expound a great problem while adhering to the essentials of scholastic method. Might not Father Otten and the Loyola University Press profitably take the lesson to heart? We find the proof of the Divinity of Christ, for example, a little weak, and have no great difficulty in imagining what the critics would have to say in answer; indeed, the Fourth Gospel is used to turn an awkward corner in a proof supposed to be confined to the Synoptic gospels (p. 26). In the same way little is said of the Atonement except as an act of vicarious satisfaction, a view true enough in itself, but quite inadequate unless supplemented by the doctrine of our solidarity with Christ. St. Paul, who has so much to say about the Atonement, is all for solidarity, and says little or nothing about satisfaction as such. Thus a thorough mastery of the Synoptic Problem or of Pauline theology, not to mention other departments of the subject, would prepare the way for a really great work on the Divinity of Christ or the Atonement, both much needed in these days, and it is rather to one who had shown himself an expert on these subjects, thoroughly abreast of the ancient and modern literature of the subject, that we should like to see the treatise on the Incarnation committed, to be published in harmony with other volumes by other experts, under capable editorial supervision.

Father Otten, being also professor in the history of dogma, of which he has published a summary, will sympathize with these ideals, and will doubtless be prepared to admit that the multiplication of text-books has done more to hinder than to help solid progress in theology. If once more we are to have great thinkers and learned men, second to none in their own subject, our own writers and lecturers must come back in actual practice to an axiom that receives lip-service from all: *non multa, sed multum*.

2—LORD HALIFAX'S EIRENICON¹

IT must be clear by this time to the venerable advocate of Christian Unity who, on occasion of the Church Congress

¹ *A Call to Reunion*. By Viscount Halifax. London: Mowbray and Co. Pp. 57. Price, 2s.

at Sheffield ventured to suggest acknowledgement of Papal Supremacy as the only means of uniting Christendom, and has repeated his plea in the pamphlet under review, that his idea of what constitutes the Church that Christ founded differs radically from that of Catholics. He speaks of Reunion, implying that the two bodies in question, the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England, were formerly united, whereas Catholics cannot regard Anglicans as either *de jure* or *de facto* belonging to the visible Church at all. As long ago as June, 1909, Lord Halifax in an address to the E.C.U. ventilated his view of what constitutes Church membership, claiming that not unity of government nor even identity of faith was necessary, but only union with the living Christ through the life-giving Sacraments. The late Father Sydney Smith soon after in these pages refuted that singular opinion,¹ but did not apparently convince its author. Nor was he persuaded by Cardinal Mercier, out of conversations with whom his pamphlet took rise, that the Church cannot exist in a divided state, that unity is of her essence and that once again there can be no question of reunion. Not all the stressing of Catholic dogma accepted by extreme High Churchmen (but denied by other sections of Anglicanism) can blink the fact that the Church of England, even if homogeneous in belief and practice, is not a Church in the Catholic sense, and therefore cannot treat with Rome as if she were. That a man so single-minded, devout and zealous as Lord Halifax has shown himself to be during a long lifetime should not yet have grasped the Catholic standpoint suggests two reflections—first, that we do not always allow for the enormous *parti pris*, voiced here by Lord Halifax in regard to his sacramental experience, which tradition and education create in the devout Anglican; second, that this particular seeker after truth must at one time or other have been misled by Catholics with an imperfect grasp of the historical facts of the case or of their own Catholic faith. We can at least lay down this little book of tragic misunderstanding with a resolve to be more patient with those who have less opportunity to meet, and less ability to realize, the truth than has its distinguished author.

¹ See "Who are Members of the Church?" THE MONTH, Jan., 1910.

3—FATHER PLATER¹

TO all friends of Father Plater this brilliant record of his too short life, by one of his intimates, must needs reawaken or further stimulate their regrets at his loss. *Quis desiderio sit modus?* What measure indeed are we to set to our longing for that loveable personality, that fountain of contagious energy, that mind of clear vision and that God-inspired will, now that all the problems which we faced under his leadership are growing more complex before our eyes, and the brief glimpse of better things revealed by the explosion of the war has been clouded again by the miasma of human selfishness. His work lives, his words still re-echo, his memory is still an inspiration, but what would it be if he were with us still, a light shining in the industrial darkness of Tyneside and Lancashire, Yorkshire and Birmingham, a rallying point for all who still hope that civilization can be saved, that the "Two Nations" can be reconciled and that the iniquities of Mammon can be so checked by law and conscience that the age-long oppression of the poor may cease! Now the lists are being arrayed for the final conflict between Capital and Labour, and only the principles which Father Plater spent his life in propagating can bring about a truce and a settlement. His was a simple Gospel—"Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God and His Justice"—but it held and holds the solution of all our troubles. Therefore, he made it his life's-work to foster "retreats"—a manœuvre in which the Church militant paradoxically excels—"retreats" for employers and employed, for men and women, for all classes and ages, since it is only in the light of eternity that the things of time can be seen in their proper proportions. While yet a scholastic, at a time when others have enough to do to prepare their weapons for the fight to come, Charles Plater was already in the fray, and, long before he became a priest, his zealous propaganda has caused facilities for making retreats to be multiplied throughout the land.

Father Martindale has written this biography for the friends of its subject—and few books could desire a wider public—but even strangers will be interested in following the development of this exceptional character under the spur

¹ *Charles Dominic Plater, S.J.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J., M.A. London: Harding and More. Pp. 395. Price 15s.

of remarkable talents and the discipline of religious training. Step by step we are shown how the brilliant school-boy, full of ambitions, conscious of great gifts, marked out from the first to be a leader, was moulded by one personal influence and another, or by mere environment, and thus gradually fashioned for this work.

The course of a Jesuit's training is uneventful enough in itself, and although Charles Plater's energies found all sorts of exceptional fields of work, nothing startling or dramatic disturbed his scholastic career. Strangely enough, he never underwent the common Jesuit experience of teaching a class of boys, a work for which he was admirably suited: his one year of tuition was devoted to preparing scholastics for Oxford. But he was constantly teaching in a wider sense and his scholars were the multitudes that came to understand from his words and writings the imperative need of bringing Christianity back to social and industrial life. Father Martindale deftly traces the development of this absorbing purpose amidst the details of academical and theological training, and shows how laboriously this genius equipped himself with knowledge, and how assiduously he plied voice and pen to spread what he had learnt. Not the least interesting of his chapters includes a detailed description of Father Plater's "Vacation Tours" through the industrial districts of the North, vividly illustrating the zeal that devoured him, then a man of frail and uncertain health, and forced him in spite of bodily fatigue to carry his message of hope to the working man, that class which is so oppressed by iniquitous industrial conditions, and so liable to be seduced by the false promises of Socialism. His remedy lay in the application of Christian principles. The Catholic Social Guild, a full account of the foundation and growth of which is given by Father Martindale, owed its origin and success almost entirely to Father Plater, and was outwardly so identified with him that many did not expect it to survive him. Yet the event has proved that it lives of itself, however much it may have to lament his loss. It still pursues its great task of expounding the principles of justice involved in Christianity and applying them to modern conditions. Its founder built too wisely for any other result, for he considered the Guild as merely the practical aspect of the great spiritual retreat movement on which his heart was set from the first. Deprived of his writing and speaking and travelling in its

interest, the Guild is not so much in the public eye as before, but the Catholic Labour College at Oxford and that admirable monthly, *The Christian Democrat*, show that it is functioning as vigorously as ever.

Most of us knew Father Plater as a spring of exhaustless energy, prolific of plans, full of initiative, a glutton for work. His biographer tells us how this immense and infectious vitality was handicapped almost from the first by precarious health, and thus remains a notable triumph of spirit over material conditions. Father Plater had always too much to do: he could never lie idle and accumulate strength: he must always use what strength he had. And once his physicians had told him that his disease—over pressure of blood—was incurable, his only thought was to get as much done as he could before the night should come. The story of the last months of his life, spent in strenuous rest-cures, is instinct with pathos and full of edification. He made no outward sign of his knowledge of his doom: he remained himself to the end. No one who read the delightful sketches of Irish life in Aran and Inishbofin, which appeared in these pages during the latter months of 1920, could have guessed that they were written by a dying man. And when in March, 1921, his playful and prayerful account of the Syracusan feast of Santa Lucia appeared, the man was dead.

Father Martindale in this sumptuous book has built him a worthy monument. We have said little about its touching contents, its vivid pictures, its wise generalizations, hoping that all who love will read. Yet how many of those who love him and would prize beyond words this moving record of his career will be able to buy it as now produced and have it as their own? Let those who can, therefore, buy up this edition, and then let the far-seeing publishers bring out a large and cheap issue, so that the work of Father Plater's life may be perpetuated and consolidated. A jewel of this sort, at any rate, can dispense with elaborate setting.

4—"LO HERE AND LO THERE!"¹

THE man in the street knows by now what to look for in a new volume of essays by Dr. Inge. For the Dean of St. Paul's is one of our best known public men, and his name,

¹ *Outspoken Essays: Second Series.* By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D., F.B.A. Dean of St. Paul's. London: Longmans. Pp. vii. 275. Price, 6s. net.

usually mispronounced, is a household word. Other learned and scholarly divines must be content with a small audience, however fit; his words are carried everywhere, and able editors and hustling journalists know that he is good "copy." His vogue may one day vie with that of his fellow publicist, Dr. Crane, "the man with a million readers." The power of such a newspaper prophet for good or evil is great indeed; but what sort of an influence is the Dean's on the public he pretends to enlighten and direct? "By their fruits you shall know them." Outwardly all seems fair. "The voice of God within us speaks in the tones of Jesus of Nazareth." Or again, "With the added experience of nearly two thousand years the modern man can repeat the words of St. Paul, that 'other foundation can no man lay save that which is laid,' that is to say 'Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'" Now the present writer has always been puzzled hitherto to know what Dr. Inge precisely means by "Our Lord Jesus Christ," and he naturally turns to the essay entitled "Confessio Fidei" where the question of our Lord's divinity is faced with a frankness and honesty that is not questioned for a moment, but not with the lucidity one hoped at length to find. The Dean will have no truck with Modernism. Though historic Christianity is for him a Judeo-Greek syncretism, and he emphasizes the "legacy of Greece" in Christian theology, he cannot away with the criticism which would rationalize the whole process of doctrinal development. His treatment of Professors Kirsopp Lake and Foakes Jackson strikes one as not a little high-handed, for is there any possible middle ground between their "deluded Jew" and the Christ of the Catholic Creeds, and does Dr. Inge himself hold the Faith of the Creeds in its integrity? He believes that the historical Jesus was "the Incarnate Word or Logos of God, a perfect revelation of the mind and character of God the Father," but does he mean that Jesus of Nazareth was a divine Person, or is this *perfect* revelation of the Logos in Jesus a revelation of the same kind as is made in some measure to every man that has the light of reason in him? For one reader at least Dr. Inge's position is far from clear. The Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation is intelligible, so too is the Modernism of Drs. Lake and Jackson, but the Dean seems to move in a misty middle region between Aye and No. "Those who believe as we do that Christ was a divine and unique Being will certainly not be

guilty of the presumption of denying that the circumstances of His birth into the world and of His withdrawal in bodily presence from it may well have been also unique." Is this the language of a believer in the Creeds or of a reinterpreter of them in the light of further knowledge, etc., etc.? Is not the Dean *in eadem damnatione* with his Modernist brethren "who still claim the right to remain ministers of the Gospel"?

But when we pass from the speculative to the practical there can be no question of the Dean's aberrations from Christian truth and morality. There is a curious monument in the great church of which Dr. Inge is the custodian, the expression of John Donne's morbid imagination and preoccupation with death, the effigy of "the gloomy Dean" in his shroud. Dr. Inge is preoccupied with the approaching dissolution of civilized society and sees posterity in its grave clothes. What can save us? Not that Church which Christ established for the healing of the nations. "Go, teach the things I have commanded"—the laws of reverence and obedience, of brotherly love and justice, of purity and the honour of man's body made by Me into the habitation of the Spirit. Is that the Dean's remedy? No, but birth control and eugenics! "The Roman Catholic Church is a bitter and unscrupulous opponent both of eugenics and birth control," says our prophet. To which we reply, "By their fruits you shall know them."

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

THAT great enterprise of the English Dominican Fathers—the translation of the whole of the *Summa* into English—proceeds without haste and without rest, and, judging by the fact that the earlier volumes are in many cases in second editions, is amply justified in its results. Three volumes before us comprise the fourth section of the Second Part, dealing with virtues and vices—**Part II. QQ. 101-140** (12s.)—and the two sections of **The Supplement, QQ. 34-68** (12s.) and **QQ. 87-99** (12s.). In reading these volumes we see into what another world the modern mind has wandered, and how different its values have become. Here everything is tested, not merely by the operations of the pure reason, but by the assured revelation of faith, and the result is a far wider and firmer grasp of truth. To say, however, that St. Thomas would now have treated some things differently, left a good deal out and included much more, is only to say that that great mind would have perfectly assimilated

the knowledge and addressed himself to the needs of our own day—a task now before his disciples, the theologians of the Catholic Church.

A ready approach to the study of the *Summa* in English may be made through the *Catechism of the "Summa Theologica"* (B.O. and W.: 6s.), which Father Ælred Whitacre, O.P., has translated and adapted from the French of Father Thomas Pégues, O.P. Herein, by way of question and answer, all the arguments of the *Summa* are presented in lucid and orderly fashion, with references to their fuller treatment in the body of the work, and where necessary, to the modern legislation of the New Code.

APOLOGETIC.

A volume of apologetic essays, entitled *Religione e Vita* ("Vita e Pensiero": Milan: 5 l.), on a large variety of subjects, including an interesting study of the philosophical theory of Anarchy, which the author shows to be the logically necessary outcome of Atheism, is published by Don Olgiati. Three other papers of outstanding interest are those on Renan, on the Ethics of Kant, and on Pessimism as represented by Buddha, Schopenhauer and Leopardi. Father Gemelli contributes a companion volume of essays to this, under the title of *Religione e Scienza* ("Vita e Pensiero": 5 lire). We can do no more than indicate a few of the subjects dealt with. The paper on "Thinking Beasts and Unthinking Men" (*Bestie che pensano e uomini che non ragionano*) is a vigorous onslaught on some of the extravagances of modern Comparative Psychology. There is also an essay on Galileo, and another on the general question of the conflict of science and religion—a subject which the author handles with candour and ability. In both these volumes of essays, we are struck by the "actuality" and healthy modernity of treatment. There is no attempt to idealize the past, or to make it the standard of the modern world. Questions are treated throughout in a critical and historical spirit; the authors are clearly not preaching to the converted, but, as true Apologists, aiming at a much wider public.

La Filosofia di Giovanni Gentile ("Vita e Pensiero": 15 lire), by Fr. Emilio Chiochetti, O.F.M., is a critique of the neo-Hegelian philosophy in the person of one of its most distinguished professors. The author traces the consequences of the idealistic doctrine of Immanence in Religion: and there is also a careful study of the moral and educational theories of Gentile.

Under the somewhat vague title, *Catholicism and Criticism* (Longmans: ros. 6d. net), Father Stanislaus Hogan, O.P., translates the apologetic work of his fellow Dominican, Père Etienne Hugueny, which has for object to meet the rationalist attack upon the origins and growth of Christianity. Although mainly directed to refuting French and German heretics, the rationalist position is so uniform that it is well-nigh as useful against the freethinkers of our own country. It covers the whole range of Apologetics—the Divinity of Christ, the Church, Miracles, the nature of Faith—going very searchingly into the moral diseases of our time which make belief so difficult for some. We could have wished that the translator had supplied, more often than he has done, illustrations and objections drawn from rationalists and Protestants familiar to us English-speaking folk, and that in the case of statistics they had been brought

more up to date. But the work is a valuable addition to our Catholic armoury. It is printed in India and much inferior in accuracy and finish to work produced here: no doubt a lower price must be held to compensate us for that drawback.

An anonymous convert sets down, in *The Churches of England*, by "One who has tried them" (Sands: 7s. 6d. net), what are presumably the arguments which brought him into the True Fold, especially the discovery that the rival "Churches" in this country have in no case the marks of the Church of Christ. He sets forth their claims in a series of questions to which he supplies appropriate and conclusive answers,—a fresh form of argumentation which has the advantage of being lively and interesting.

An orderly, sober discussion of the main causes, the offspring of personal and national selfishness, of the world's plight, is given by Mr. John Losabe in *What is Wrong* (Harding and More: 1s. net). There is no startling new discovery, but it is useful to have the reasons for rebaptizing human society so clearly and cogently put.

DEVOTIONAL.

For those who do not read German it is convenient to have at hand a fairly legible French edition of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich's *Life of Our Blessed Lady (Vie de la Sainte Vierge, Paris, Téqui)*. Although this section of the so-called "revelations" of the Nun of Dülmen has not found so many readers as the better known *Dolorous Passion*, still it is quite as interesting in the insight it affords into the strange psychology of the ecstatic *stigmatisée*. Moreover it is the only other portion of what some people rashly hold to be her inspired communications which was thrown into shape by Clement Brentano himself, though unfortunately he died before even this second instalment of the "revelations" was completed. If we are not mistaken, the *Life of our Blessed Lady* has never been translated into English entire, though selected portions have appeared in an English rendering. Unfortunately the Abbé Cazale's French version has been a good deal edited, and it cannot anywhere be depended upon as an exact reproduction of the German original. Seeing that German critics themselves detect a considerable difference in style between the early and the later chapters, the earlier portion having been touched up by Brentano with the same literary skill which has lent so much charm to the *Dolorous Passion*, we cannot help feeling that we are always rather a long way off from what Anne Catherine herself actually said. Still *faute de mieux* we gladly welcome this reprint, which is announced as the twelfth French edition. A critical reproduction of Brentano's original manuscript is unfortunately not to be hoped for, at any rate for a very long time to come.

Hitherto, of Fr. Augustine Baker's treatise on Walter Hilton's "Cloud of Unknowing," only the second part has been generally known. But a copy of the first part has been preserved at Ampleforth Abbey, and now Dom Justin McCann has given it to all lovers of both these great mystics, with the title *The Confessions of Father Baker* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 3s. 6d.). It will need no single word of recommendation, except for the cheapness of the edition and the good type and cloth cover.

We would like to see l'Abbé Rouzic's new book, *La Famille et*

P'Amitié au Ciel (Téqui: 3.50 fr.), in the hands of all those who are interested, not wisely but too well, in the life after death. In its pages the consoling and logical teaching of the Church on this matter is set forth with vigour and charm of style. It will bring also a blessing to those who mourn, and is written for the consolation of all who sit in the shadow of death.

A little duodecimo, **Les Fiancailles** (Letheilleux: 2.40 fr.), by the same author, provides reflections and salutary reading for those who are undergoing their novitiate for the married state.

Three smaller volumes have also been published by the same firm: **De la Divine Providence** (Téqui: 1.50 fr.), a little treatise on the "source of happiness," by Père de Ravignan, which was loved by the Curé d'Ars, and of which he said: "If God had granted me no other favour than that of knowing these pages in exchange for all kinds of cares which have hindered me, I should count it a grace cheaply bought"; a little book of meditations for the month of the Sacred Heart by Père Gonon, **Les Salutations au Sacre-Cœur de Ste Marguerite-Marie** (Téqui: 3.50 fr.); also **Explication du Petit Office de la Sainte Vierge**, by the Rev. Père Charles Willi, Rédemptoriste. The latter is especially well printed, and suitable for a permanent binding.

The **Manual for Novices**, published by Messrs. Kelly & Co. (Loughrea: 6s.), is translated and brought together from various Latin sources, principally from the *Via Claustralis* of the Ven. Father John of Jesus and Mary and the *Vade Mecum Novitiorum* of a Master of Novices. It contains a detailed description of the daily practices, with their motives and circumstances, which make up the life of a novice, and is full of spiritual insight. It might with advantage have been yet more adapted for modern use, for in the course of ages, though of course the spirit of the religious life remains the same, some practices have become unsuitable to our national characteristics and ways of regarding things.

Another ancient treatise concerning **The Religious Vows and Virtues** (B.O. and W.: 2s.), by Blessed Humbert de Romanis, O.P., the fifth General of the Order, is translated by Father James Harrison, and may be read with profit because of its sound spirituality.

FICTION.

If Miss Beatrice Chase writes any more books about Devon and Cornwall she will cause a shift of population from the rest of England to those God-favoured and sparsely-peopled counties. Following on *Lady Agatha*, which hymned the glories of Tintagel as background of a fascinating love-story, comes **Lady Avis Trewithen** (Longmans: 6s. net), a romance set in the heart of Dartmoor. The story is in sort a sequel, for the heroine is a daughter of the lovers in the previous tale, and it concerns her experiences as a Devonshire farm hand, a post she sought for the reason that moved Haroun al Raschid, to get out of the atmosphere of convention and into that of real human life. There is not much incident, but Miss Chase has the art of investing mere trifles with interest and making them the pegs on which to hang her love of nature, her sympathy with animals, her delight in the chequered course of true affection. She sets a noble example in the wholesomeness of her books to other talented members of her sex who deal so unblushingly with "the gross mud-honey of town."

Mr. H. B. Young in *The Very Devil* (Page and Co.: 7s. 6d. net) gives us a new version of *The Sorrows of Satan*. It is an account of what befel a man who, unwittingly, by means of a potent incantation, was provided with a familiar fiend, pledged to gratify all his desires. He does so in his own fiendish fashion, keeping the word of promise to the ear but breaking it to the hope, so that, for all its whimsicality, the book has a useful moral. The hero escapes the traditional result of his contract by being baptized!

The publication of *The Firebrand of the Indies: A Romance of Francis Xavier*, by E. K. Seth-Smith (S.P.C.K.: 2s. 6d. net), is in itself pleasing evidence of a broad-minded and unprejudiced outlook among our separated brethren. To find the life of so modern and so entirely "Roman" saint treated sympathetically by a non-Catholic, and published by a Protestant propaganda society, is indeed a sign of better understanding. The story of St. Francis's life is charmingly written, but the author is grievously handicapped by ignorance of the details of Catholicism, and, indeed, of historical fact. The picture of St. Francis on the "jacket" of the book, habited apparently as a Carmelite friar, cowl and all complete, prepares us for seeing him called "Fray" Francisco throughout. However, in the spirit in which Dr. Johnson regarded the dog walking on its hind legs, we are content to admire that the thing should be done at all rather than to criticize too severely the doing of it.

From "La Bonne Presse," Paris, we have received three popular romances—*Cora Miller*, by Jacques Marney; *Marise*, by Jean de Maucelere; *Les Faiseurs de Ruines*, by Marie Donal and M. T. Nessi. The price of these is two francs. A smaller tale by Jean de Maucelere, *La Reverdie*, is issued at 60 centimes.

HISTORICAL.

We are glad to welcome in English dress the masterly account of the great religious corporation, engaged for three centuries in producing the *Acta Sanctorum*, which we reviewed more fully when it first appeared from the authoritative pen of Père Hippolyte Delehaye, S.J. *The Work of the Bollandists* (Oxford University Press: 10s. 6d.) is full of interest, not merely for scholars, but for those who wish to know the details of a great enterprise, pursued through extraordinary vicissitudes and still full of vitality, and to know something of the great minds which directed, and direct, the undertaking.

In reviewing the first edition of the late Mr. Andrew Lang's *The Maid of France*, which was issued in November, 1908, we characterized it as "far and away the most careful and scientific study of Jeanne which has ever appeared in our language," and that eulogy, despite the various "Lives" of the Saint that have since appeared, applies to the new edition (the seventh, counting reprints) which appeared this summer, graced with a preface by his widow. Lang's work was, as is well known, inspired by a desire to refute the defamatory account of St. Jeanne which M. Anatole France, worthy follower of Voltaire in this as in other matters, thought fit to publish, and Catholics will always bear his name in grateful remembrance for his chivalrous and successful defence of the Maid. And now that his loved patron has attained the very summit both of earthly and heavenly honour by being officially included in the cata-

logue of God's Saints, we trust that this new issue of so reverent and affectionate a study of her career will serve to extend and consolidate her fame. (Longmans: 7s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The English College in Rome seems hitherto to have dispensed with what a scholastic organization generally considers necessary, a periodical magazine to serve as a chronicle of current history and a link between the present and the past. At last comes *The Venerable* to fulfil this function. At present it is designed as a semi-annual and costs 3s. a copy or 5s. per annum. The first issue, which is intended to commemorate the recent Centenary of the reopening of the College, is graced by portraits and commendations of the late and present Popes, an introduction by Cardinal Gasquet, and various articles, solid and entertaining, by past and present students. We have no fear that, if it continues "up to sample," *The Venerable* will admirably fulfil its objects.

We foresee that the *Supplement to a Manual of French Composition* (Cambridge University Press: 6s.), wherein two Professors of French, Messrs. Græme Ritchie and James M. Moore, have collected from modern authors a series of passages for translation, will achieve great popularity amongst schoolboys. For, quite apart from the joys of French composition, there is the delight of reading much beautiful English and getting fragmentary acquaintance with many famous books.

The energetic editor of *The Sower*, in pursuance of his campaign for the vitalizing of the religious instruction given in Elementary Schools, has issued, under the arresting title, *Twelve to Thirteen* ("The Sower," Birmingham: 3s. 6d.), the materials for a year's teaching in accordance with his published scheme. The book is interleaved, so that teachers may add what their experience dictates in the way of expansion or modification.

Father Page, S.J., who is already known for several little books devoted to the due performance of sacred rites, publishes a larger volume, *The Sacristan's Handbook* (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.), which concerns the proper ordering of the material edifice and instruments in which and with which these rites are celebrated. It is very full and exact and should be found useful by the honourable class for which it was compiled.

Lady Barrett, the well-known London gynæcologist, touches on a subject of vast importance in her brochure, *Conception Control, and its Effects on the Individual and on the Nation* (Murray, 2s. net), and as far as she goes within the limits she sets herself, she is, on the whole, on the side of Christian morality. Her book gives a startling revelation of the extent to which, for want of adequate moral training and in deference to a vicious public opinion, evil practices are resorted to. Less fully and emphatically than Dr. Sutherland in his well-known exposure of the Neo-Malthusians, *Birth Control*, but equally clearly Lady Barrett shows the physical evil consequences of artificial sterility. One would wish, however, that she had stated as clearly that recourse to contraceptives is never morally right, for her advice never to do so except under medical direction will be taken by the ill-instructed as a condonation.

The enforcement of Prohibition in America has perceptibly weakened the campaign against the evils of drink in this country. Men fear that restrictions on the manufacture and sale of drink, a certain degree

of which experience has shown to be necessary for social well-being, will ultimately, if the Reformers have their way, procure its entire abolition. And so temperance-propaganda has become suspect and the "Trade" takes care that suspicion is maintained and extended. Yet there is a tremendous problem connected with indulgence in strong drink; it is a main or contributory cause of most of our social ills; it is responsible for a vast amount of waste and disease; its prevalence is an index of a debased civilization and low ideals; the good citizen must be interested in its remedies. In *The Church and the Drink Evil* (Epworth Press: 6d., paper; 1s. 6d., cloth), edited by the Rev. Henry Carter, there may be found a temperate statement of this widespread social disease and the problems it creates, which merits careful consideration. The habit of drinking, which might seem to be merely the concern of the individual, is there shown to have necessary social implications: it might be truly said—*nemo sibi bibit*—and the case is made out for a willing sacrifice of personal liberty for the common good.

An elaborate and extensive book dealing with the whole of parish work and the status of the rector, is that by the late Dr. H. Buvée, entitled *Memento Pratique du Ministère Paroissial* (Bonne Presse: 5 fr.), of which he prepared a second edition in conformity with the new Code shortly before his death. Parish priests will find in it a clear, orderly statement of their duties and rights in regard to the Church and the administration of the Sacraments.

It is difficult to characterize a book which comes from U.S.A. and is written by M. H. Sexton. It is called *Matrimony Minus Maternity* (The Devin Adair Co.: \$2.00 n.), and is directed laudably against all the forms of sexual vice which disgrace the neo-paganism of our day, especially that suggested by the title. We are wholly with the author in his high and noble purpose. But the language is so violent, the metaphors so crude, the style so spasmodic, the method so uncritical, the taste so execrable, that the book, we fear, will fail of its object. To use the author's own words, "In the following pages the reader will see that the steed of thought swings along the human highway, check free, pounding with his steel-rimmed hoofs the pagan methods that have outlived the Christ-numbered centuries." The pounding would, we are confident, have been more effectively done if the steed had not been so "check free."

Mrs. Katharine Tynan's previous volumes of reminiscences found many appreciative readers, and her fresh instalment, *The Wandering Years* (Constable: 15s. net), will be welcomed by them all. It is a good-natured, gossipy book, redeemed from the commonplace by the author's well-known charm and literary distinction. Mrs. Tynan's prose is the prose of a poet, and there are happily not many passages like the opening of chap. ii.: "We had a serious purpose in our visit to Dublin in that we had to see a doctor on behalf of our young daughter, who was suspected of some nose trouble." These "Wandering Years" are also "Years of Shadow." One sympathizes with the writer's difficulty in speaking of present troubles and discontents. The wife of a resident magistrate, with a son in the Great War, and yet ever cherishing her romantic patriotism and ideals of Lord Edward and Parnell (strange pair!), she ends vaguely, but bravely, as we should have expected:

"Hope is at the bottom of the Pandora's box of Irish troubles [was Pandora's box a box of troubles?] and I believe proudly and firmly in the ultimate destinies of my country."

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Half a dozen issues of **The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 c. each), from August 22nd to November 8th, call for notice. They include papers by Father Peter Finlay on "The Church and Education" and on "Employers and Employed"; by H. Belloc on a "Preface to Gibbon"; by Bishop Curley, on "The Rights of Labour"; by Dr. Downey, from our own pages, on "How to Solve the Reunion Problem"; by His Holiness the Pope, on the "Famine in Russia," on "Seminarians and their Studies; and on "The Propagation of the Faith"; besides a number of shorter but still most useful pieces of apologetic.

The address of the Rev. Arthur C. Headlam on **Theological Education at the Universities** (Blackwell, Oxford) is chiefly interesting to Catholics as showing the straits to which a Church is reduced which bases its religion on the Bible and finds that support is crumbling away.

Lord Halifax's address on the **Dislocation of the Canon** (SS. Peter and Paul: 6d. net), delivered to the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament" as long ago as June, 1916, has reference to the Book of Common Prayer, that version of the Mass-book mutilated so as to abolish the Catholic idea of Sacrifice.

In accordance with the new Canon Law, Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament are being established in all Catholic parishes in this country. We have received a neat booklet which forms the **Manual** in use throughout the Diocese of Salford (Byrne Bros.: Price not stated).

Since the amalgamation of the firms of Burns and Oates and Washbourne a new Catalogue of the combined businesses has been a desideratum: that is now furnished by the publication of a large and handsome volume of 164 pages, a fine record of Catholic literature which should be in the hands of every student and reader.

A tasteful Christmas present for lovers of art and poetry would be the new edition of the translation of the **Akathistos Hymn to the Mother of God** (Art and Book Co.: 1s. 3d.), by Mrs. Anita Bartle and Mr. John Christopher, Ph.D., D.Litt. It claims to be the earliest hymn to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, a finely-produced picture of whom appears on the cover.

A word is enough to introduce the admirable **Catholic Diary** (Prices 2s. and upwards) and well-known **Catholic Almanack** (Price 3d.), which Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne have issued for 1923.

A little devotional volume of thoughts and aspirations, called **Jesus True God and True Man** (Talbot Press, Dublin: 2s. net), compiled by Sister Mary Philip, of York, will be acceptable to all who frequent the Divine Sacramental Presence, for it contains prayers suitable to all dispositions of the soul.

The new edition of Dr. Fortescue's excellent **Roman Missal for the Laity** (B.O. and W.: 6s. and upwards) has been thoroughly revised and made much more generally useful by the inclusion of the "Propers" for various English-speaking countries and the greater Religious Orders. It has had to be condensed in printing and the page may appear too crowded, but altogether it now forms an ideal liturgical prayer-book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**
L'Etude Comparée des Religions. By H. Pinard de la Boullaye, S.J. I. Histoire. Pp. xvi. 516. Price, 36.00 fr.
- BLACKWELL, Oxford.**
Evensong. By Katharine Tynan. Pp. 60. Price, 3s. net. *The Gothic Rose.* By W. R. Childe. Pp. 80. Price, 5s. net. *Theosophy and the Christian Experience.* By Wilfrid Richmond. Pp. 96. Price, 3s. n.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.**
Retreat Conferences for Religious. By Bishop Cox, O.M.I. Pp. viii. 307. Price, 6s. net. *The Summa Theologica.* Part III. Qq. 87-99. Price, 12s. Appendices. Pp. v. 240. Price, 12s.
- BUREAU DES ETUDES, Paris.**
Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus en France. By Père H. Fouqueray, S.J. Tome III. Pp. xiii. 648. Price, 30.00 fr.
- DESCLÉE, DE BROUWER ET CIE., Paris.**
Le Christ, Idéal du Moine. By Abbot Marmion. Pp. ix. 624. Price, 9.00 fr.
- CONSTABLE & Co., London.**
Western Mysticism. By Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B. Pp. xiii. 344. Price 18s. net.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.**
The Epistle to the Hebrews. By Rev. P. Boylan. Pp. vii. 66. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- HARDING & MORE, London.**
Charles Dominic Plater, S.J. By C. C. Martindale. Pp. xv. 395. Price, 15s. *Alcuin.* By E. Wilmot-Buxton. Pp. 223. Price, 5s. net. *What is Wrong.* By John Losabe. Pp. 59. Price, 1s.
- HEFFER & SONS, Cambridge.**
Madame Molé, 1763-1825. Translated by E. Hamilton Moore. Pp. viii. 61.
- LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.**
Memento Pratique du Ministère Paroissial. By Dr. H. Buée. Pp. xii. 324. Price, 5.00 fr. Two novels: *Les Faiseurs de Ruines.* By M. Donal and M. T. Nessi. *La Reverdie.* By Jean de Maucière. Price, 30 cents. each.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.**
Les Fiançailles. By L. Rouzic. Pp. 166. Price, 2.40 fr., post free. *La Conquête des Hommes.* By Rev. F. A. Vuillermet. Pp. 356. Price, 7.00 fr. *Les Prédications de l'Apocalypse.* By M. Del Medico. Pp. 48. Price, 2.00 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.**
The Holy City. By Dorothy St. Cyres. Pp. 91. Price, 5s. net. *The Trend of Thought in Philosophy.* By A. Robinson, D.D. Pp. 30. Price, 1s. net. *The Being of God.* By V. F. Storr, M.A. Pp. 74. Price, 1s. 6d. net. *Human Character.* By Hugh Elliot. Pp. xvi. 272. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Lady Avis Trewithen.* By Beatrice Chase. Pp. vii. 212. Price, 6s. net.
- MACMILLAN Co., New York.**
The Parish School. By Rev. J. A. Dunne. Pp. xix. 326.
- METHUEN, London.**
The Meaning of Relativity. By A. Einstein. Pp. 123. Price, 5s. net.
- MURRAY, London.**
Conception Control. By Lady Barrett, M.D. Pp. 48. Price, 2s. net.
- PUSTET, Ratisbonne.**
Aus dem geistlichen Tagebuch des hl. Ignatius von Loyola. By A. Feder, S.J. Pp. viii. 128. Price, 1.60 m.
- RELIGIOUS LIBRARY, Barcelona.**
Tractatus de Deo Creatore et de Novissimis. By Fr. J. Muncunill, S.J. Pp. xvi. 712. Price, 10 pesetas.
- REVUE DES JEUNES, Paris.**
Fêtes de France. By R. P. Janvier, O.P. Pp. 304. Price, 8.00 fr.
- SANDS & Co., London.**
Saints of Old. Compiled by Margaret M. Kennedy. Pp. xvi. 192. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *The Anchorite's Window.* By a Nun of Tyburn. Pp. 214. Price, 4s. 6d. net.
- TALBOT PRESS, Dublin.**
Jesus True God and True Man. By Sister M. Philip. Pp. 86. Price, 2s. net.
- TÉQUI, Paris.**
Les Exercices Spirituels. By A. Brou, S.J. Pp. xii. 234. Price, 4.00 fr. *Allocutions Matrimoniales.* By Canon E. Duplessy. Pp. xi. 328. Price, 7.50 fr. *Les Voies de Dieu.* By H. Mink-Jullien. Pp. xxiii. 146. Price, 3.00 fr. *La Famille et l'Amitié au Ciel.* By Abbé L. Rouzic. Pp. 186. Price, 3.50 fr. *Retraite Eucharistique.* By Abbé J. Millot. Pp. 362. Price, 6.00 fr.
- "THE SOWER," Birmingham.**
Twelve to Thirteen. Pp. 47. Price, 3s. 6d.

cs-
p.

cs.
nd
A.
ce,
By
ce,
tr.
2.
via
se.

A.

A.
et.

ttt,

Ig.
s.J.

de
un-
ice,

ier,

ret
ice,
in-
Pp.

By
ice,

A.
ice,
als.
xi.
s de
Pp.
La
By
rice,
igus.
362.

rice,